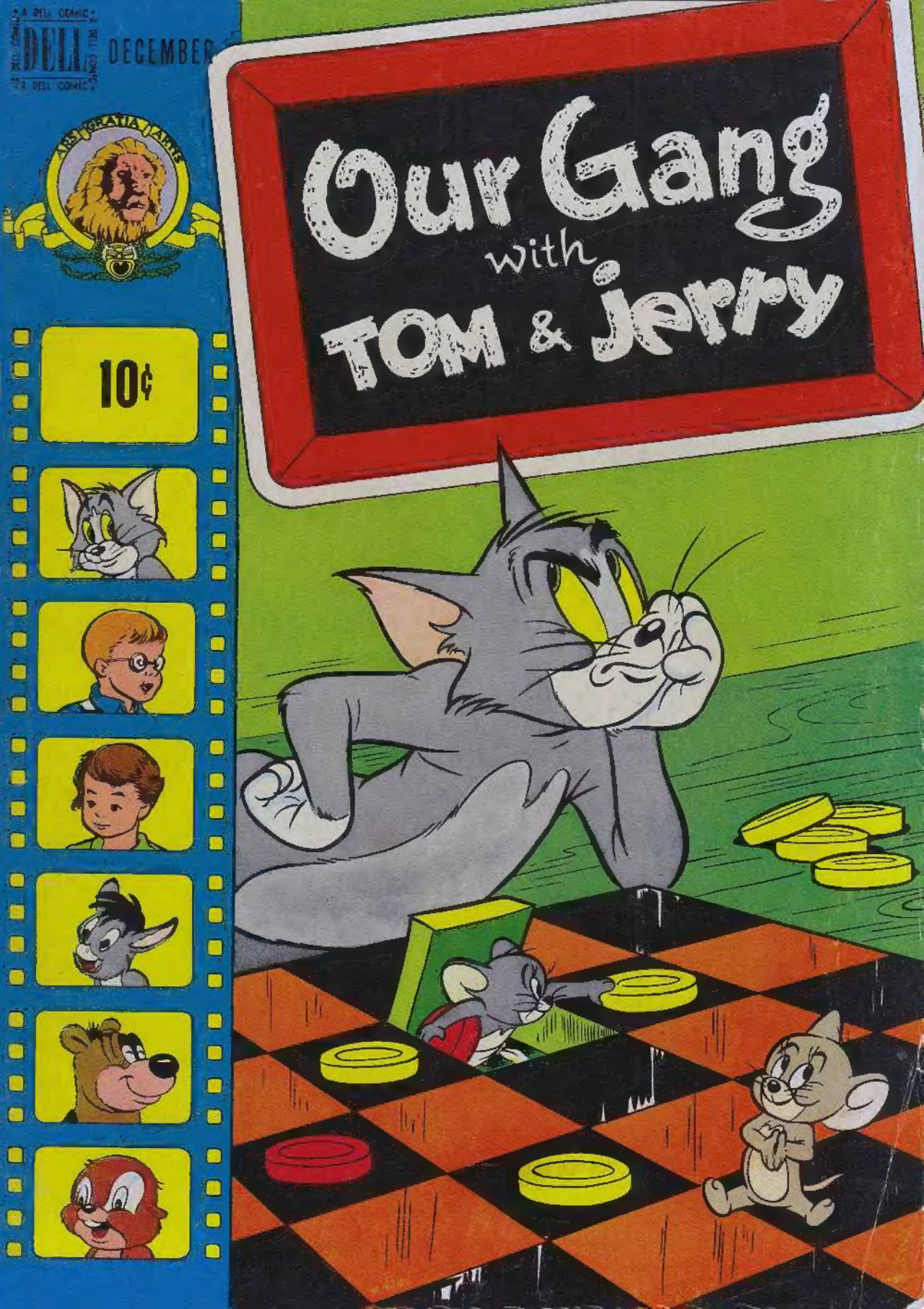
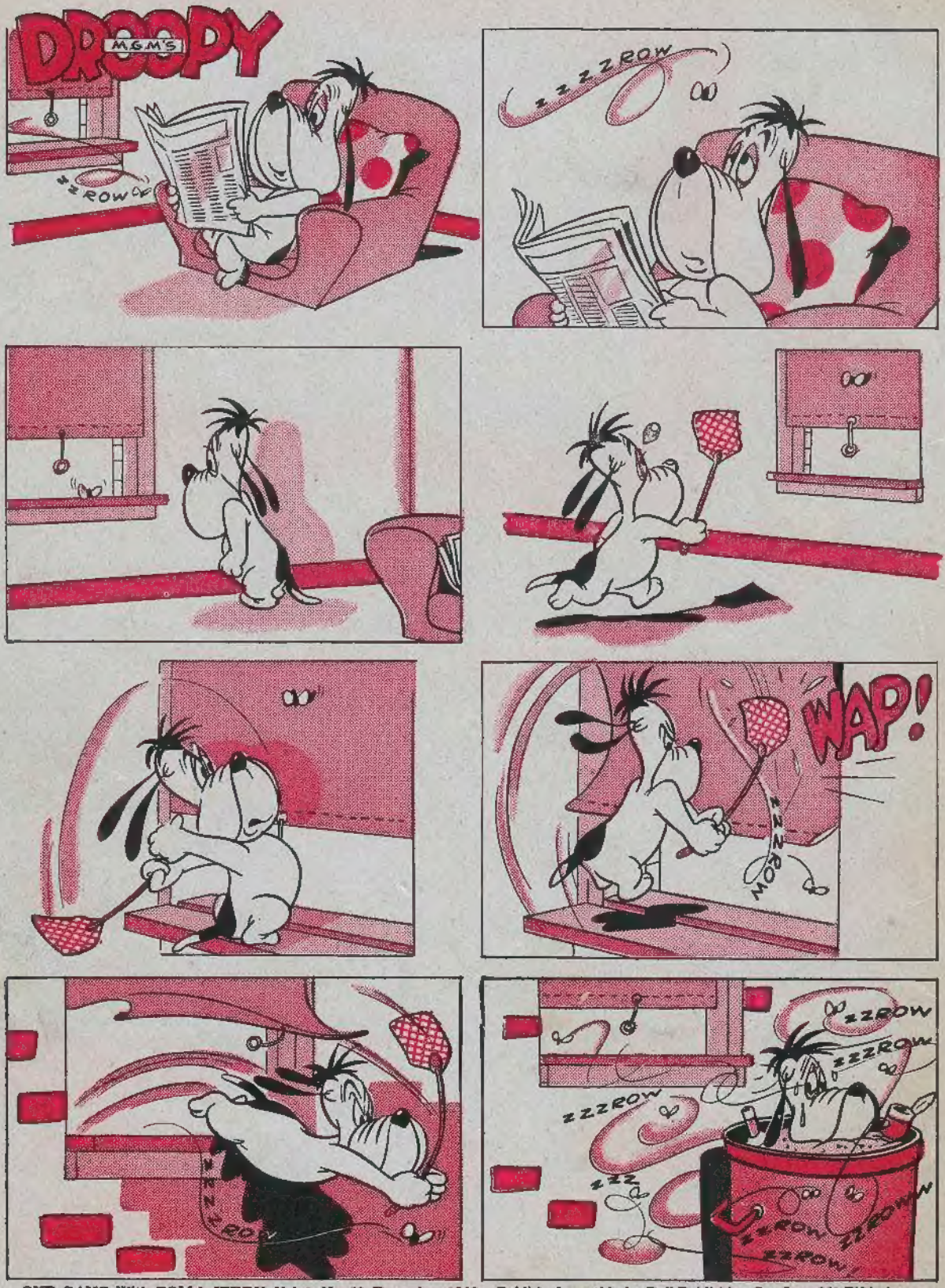
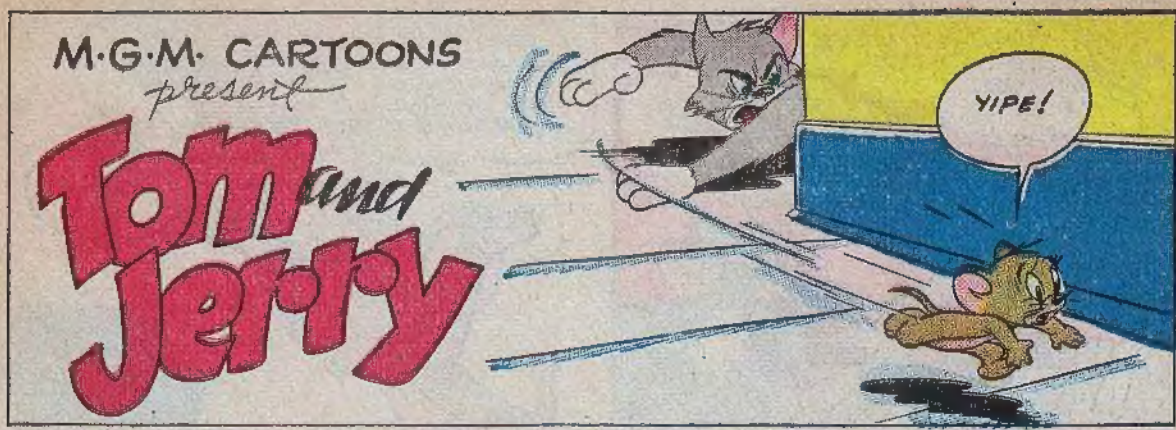
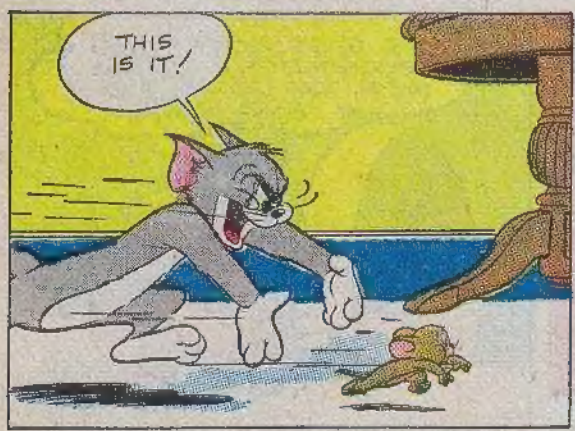
A DELL COMIC
DELL
DECEMBER

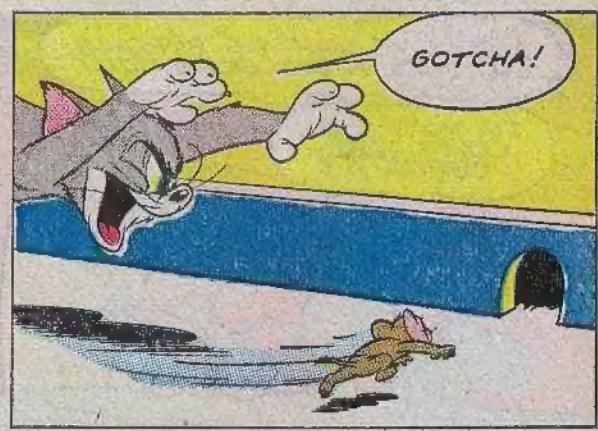


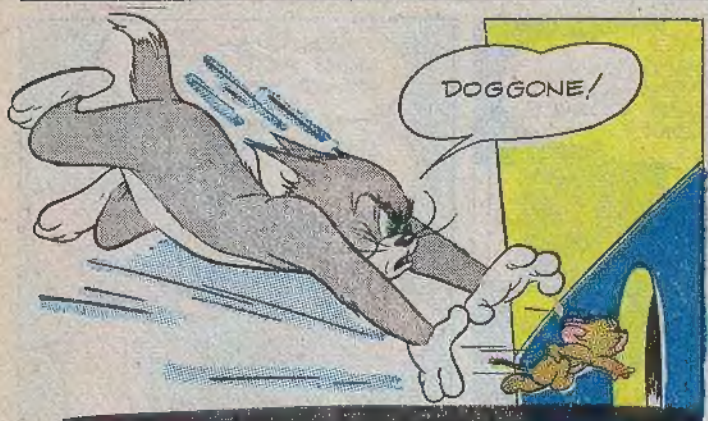


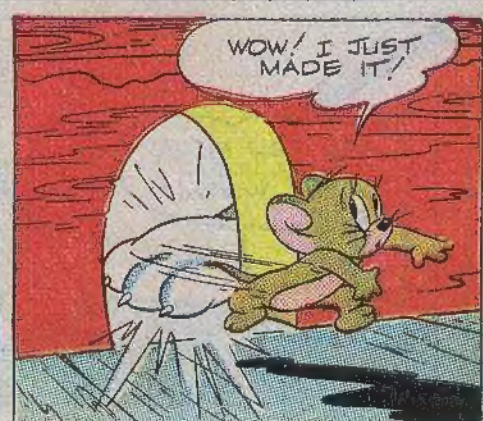
OUR GANG With TOM & JERRY, Vol. 1, No. 53, December, 1948. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York, 16, N.Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter August 26, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Subscriptions in U. S. A., $1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, $2.00 per year; no Canadian subscriptions accepted. Copyright, 1948 by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.


M·G·M· CARTOONS
present
Tom and Jerry
YIPE!


THIS IS IT!

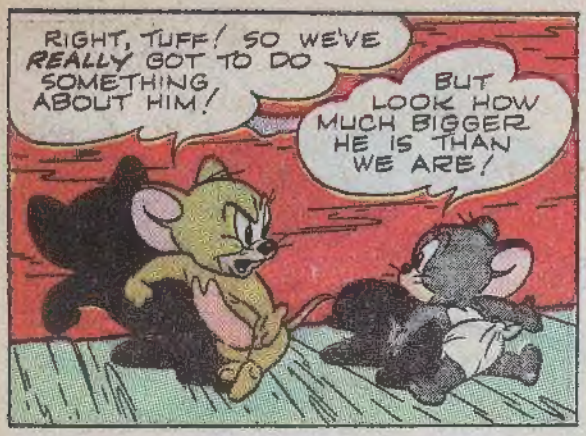

GOTCHA!


DOGGONE!

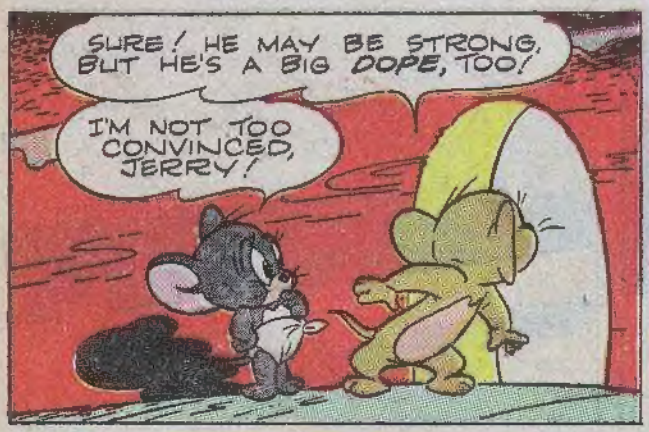

WOW! I JUST MADE IT!

BOY, JERRY, THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
YOU SAID IT, TUFFY!

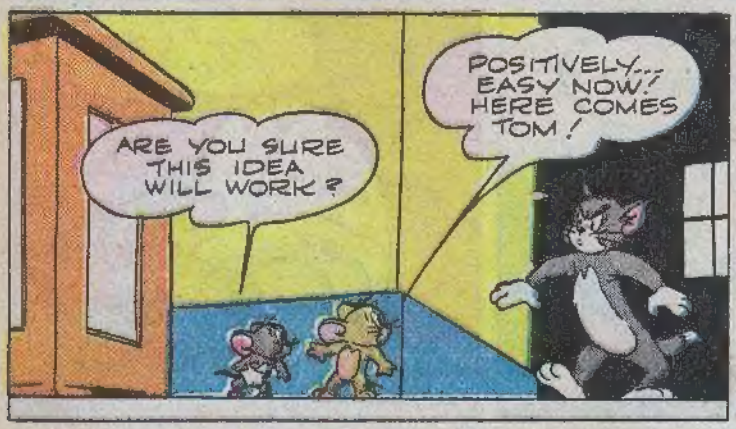
THAT TOM IS GETTING ON MY NERVES, DARN HIM!
YEH! MINE, TOO! BUT JUST SO HE DOESN'T GET ON US!


RIGHT, TUFF! SO WE'VE REALLY GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIM!
BUT LOOK HOW MUCH BIGGER HE IS THAN WE ARE!

YES! BUT WHAT ARE WE, ANYWAY... MICE OR MEN? THIS CALLS FOR ACTION! IT'S A SIMPLE CASE OF BRAINS OVER BRAWN!
YEAH?


SURE! HE MAY BE STRONG, BUT HE'S A BIG DOPE, TOO!
I'M NOT TOO CONVINCED, JERRY!

WE JUST GOTTA USE PSYCHOLOGY! C'MON, NOW, AN' DO AS I SAY, AND YOU'LL SEE!

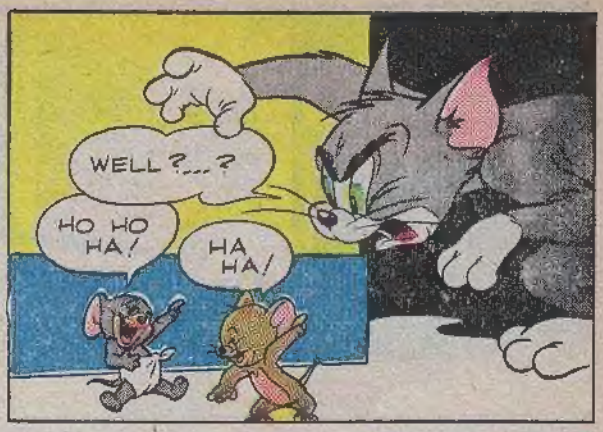

ARE YOU SURE THIS IDEA WILL WORK?
POSITIVELY... EASY NOW! HERE COMES TOM!

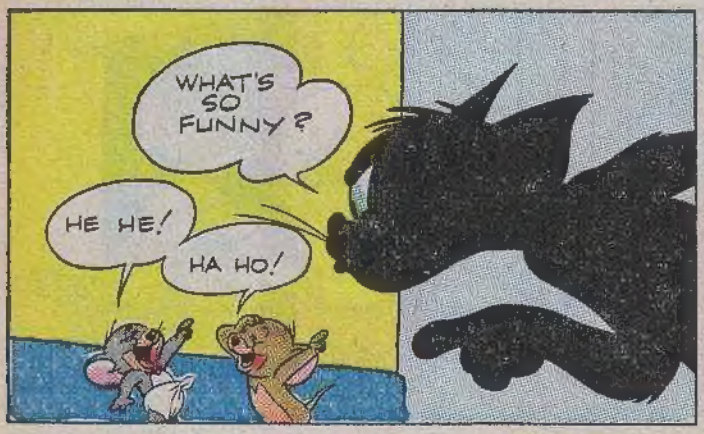
ALL RIGHT! NOW ACT AS I TOLD YOU TO!
OKAY, BUT....

HO HO HO! HE HE! HA HA HA!
OH HO HO! HA HA HA! HE HE!

HUH?
OH! HE! HA HA!
HO HO! HA!

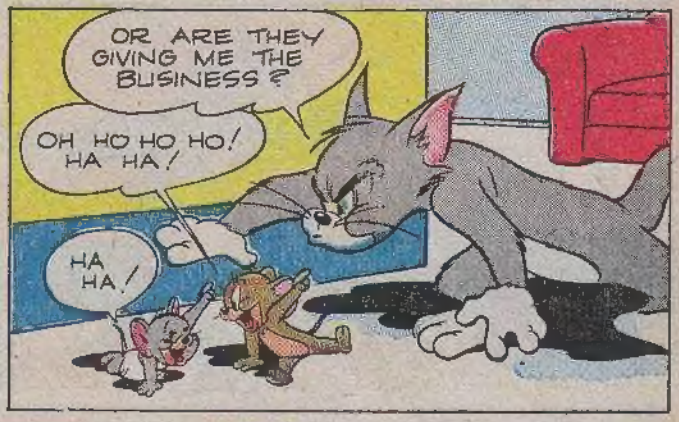
AHA! NOW I GOTCHA BOTH!
OH HO HO!
HA HA HA!


WELL?...?
HO HO HA!
HA HA!

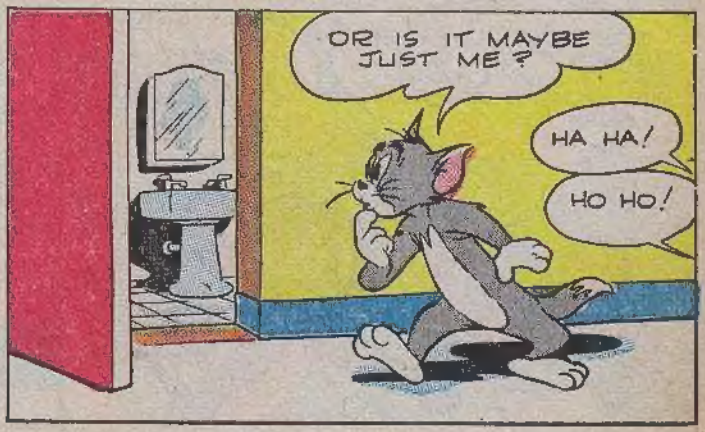

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
HE HE!
HA HO!

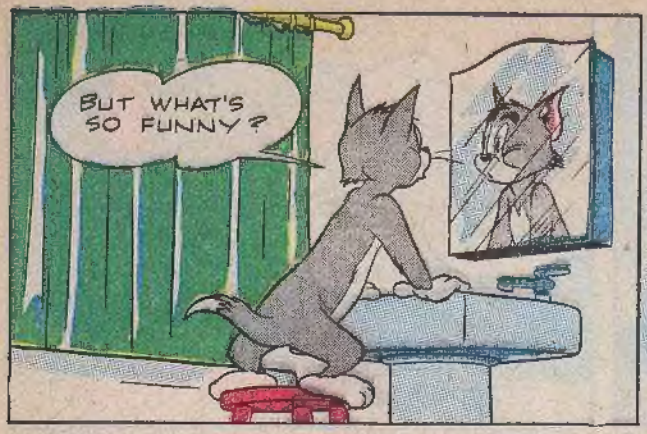
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE!
HE HA!
HA HO!

COULD IT BE ME?


OR ARE THEY GIVING ME THE BUSINESS?
OH HO HO HO! HA HA!
HA HA!

THEY CAN'T BE THAT STUPID...OR CRAZY...


OR IS IT MAYBE JUST ME?
HA HA!
HO HO!

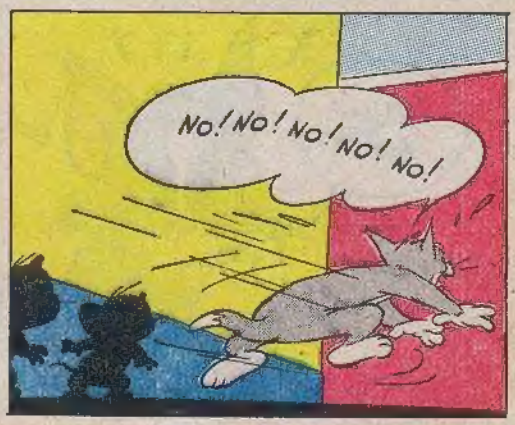

BUT WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

MAYBE I'M SICK?

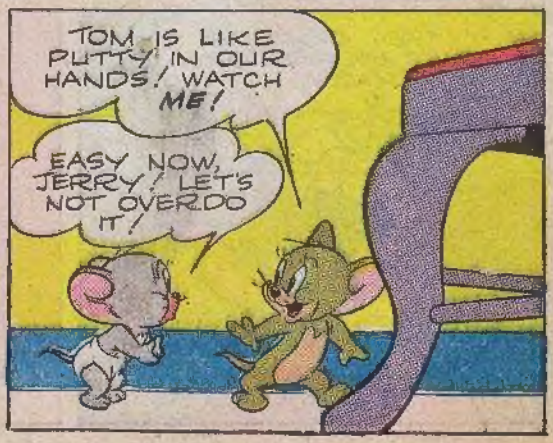
WHAT DID I TELL YA, TUFFY? IT'S BEGINNING TO GET HIM ALREADY!
AMAZING!

ONE MORE TREATMENT WILL DO IT!
BUT WHY SHOULD THEY BE LAUGHING AT *ME*? MAYBE I'M DREAMING?

OH HO HO HO! HA HA!
HE HE! HA HA! HO!


No! No! No! No! No!

CONGRATULATIONS, JERRY! TOM WILL CERTAINLY LEAVE US ALONE FROM NOW ON!
SURE! PSYCHOLOGY IS A GREAT THING, TUFFY!


TOM IS LIKE PUTTY IN OUR HANDS! WATCH *ME*!
EASY NOW, JERRY! LET'S NOT OVERDO IT!

TOM, BOY... LET'S GET HOLD OF OURSELF!

HA! THIS IS VERY STUPID... ME, A GROWN CAT, BEING AFRAID OF INSIGNIFICANT RODENTS...

WITH NO SENSE AT ALL IN THEIR LITTLE FAT HEADS!

I MUST HAVE BEEN A BIT FATIGUED...THIS MILK HAS FIXED ME UP!

HEY, YOU!
MILK

YE-ES!
HUH, THAT'S FUNNY! HE DIDN'T REACT CORRECTLY!

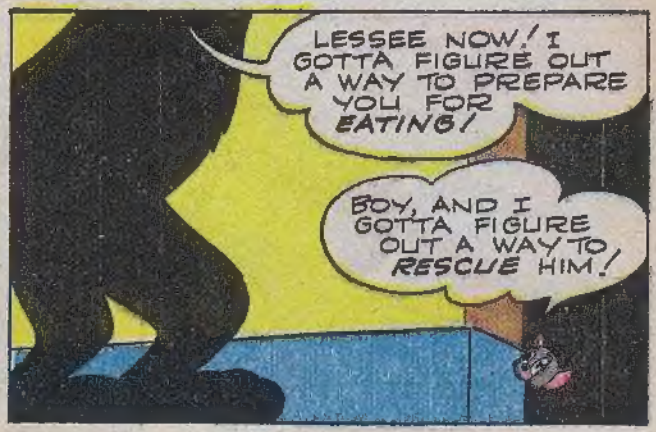
NO, MISTER SMARTY! I DIDN'T FALL FOR YOUR LITTLE GAME THIS TIME!
HO HO HO! HEH HEH!

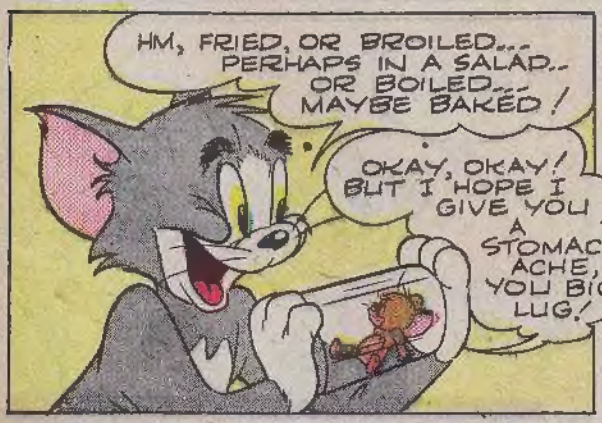
LAUGH ALL YOU WANT, MOUSE, IT WON'T DO YOU A BIT OF GOOD!
MILK
SLAM!

AND NOW LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING! HA HA! HO HO HO! HA!
GULP!

GOLLY! THAT LAUGHING IN THE KITCHEN SOUNDS MORE LIKE TOM THAN JERRY! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

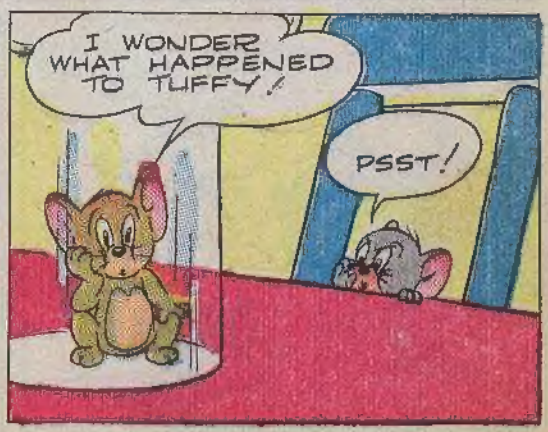
OH-OH! SURE ENOUGH! HE'S OVERDONE IT... AND LOOK AT THE SPOT HE'S IN!
HE HE!

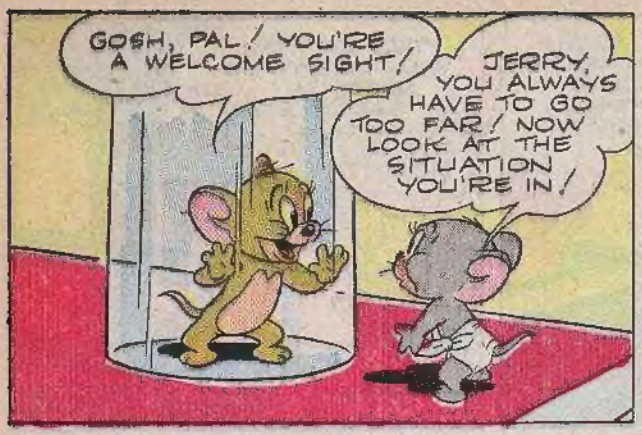

LESSEE NOW! I GOTTA FIGURE OUT A WAY TO PREPARE YOU FOR EATING!
BOY, AND I GOTTA FIGURE OUT A WAY TO RESCUE HIM!

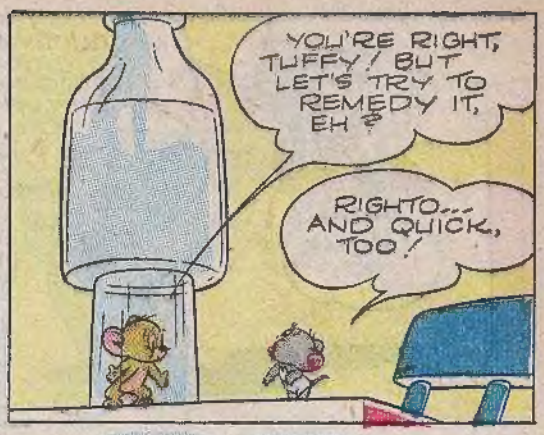

HM, FRIED, OR BROILED... PERHAPS IN A SALAD.. OR BOILED... MAYBE BAKED!
OKAY, OKAY! BUT I HOPE I GIVE YOU A STOMACH-ACHE, YOU BIG LUG!

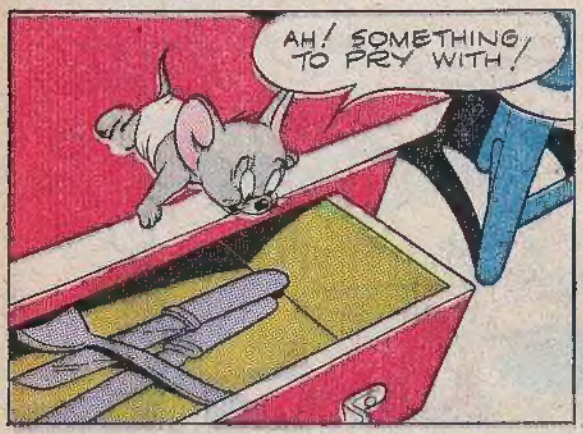
TSK! TSK! I'LL JUST SET YOU HERE TILL I GET THINGS UNDER WAY!

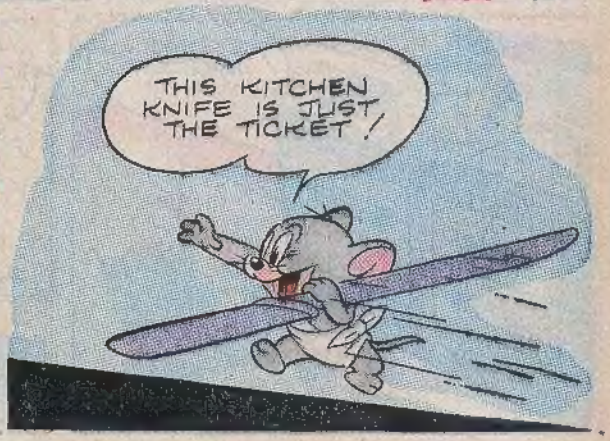
I'M SURE THAT MILK BOTTLE WILL HOLD YOU DOWN!
YEH! I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT!
MILK

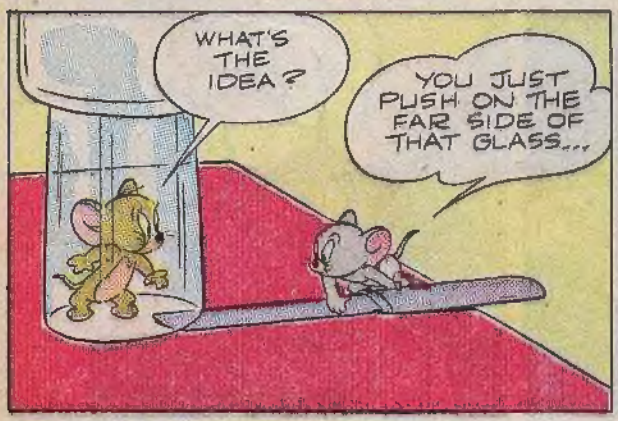

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO TUFFY!
PSST!

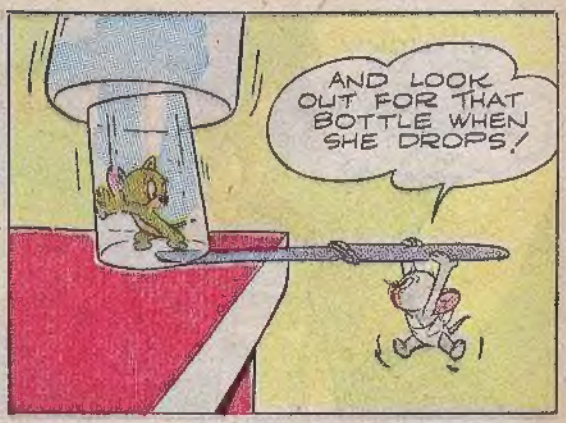

GOSH, PAL! YOU'RE A WELCOME SIGHT!
JERRY, YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO GO TOO FAR! NOW LOOK AT THE SITUATION YOU'RE IN!

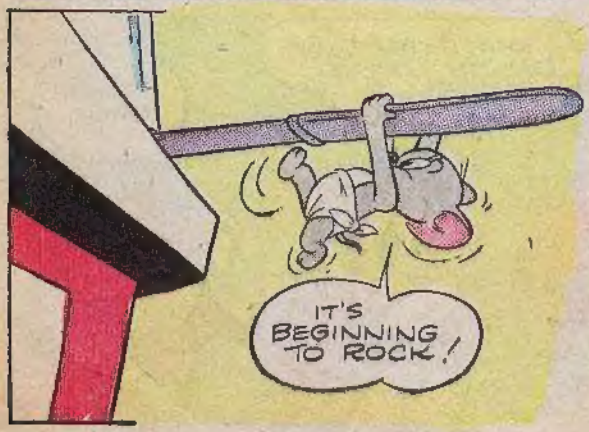

YOU'RE RIGHT, TUFFY! BUT LET'S TRY TO REMEDY IT, EH?
RIGHTO... AND QUICK, TOO!

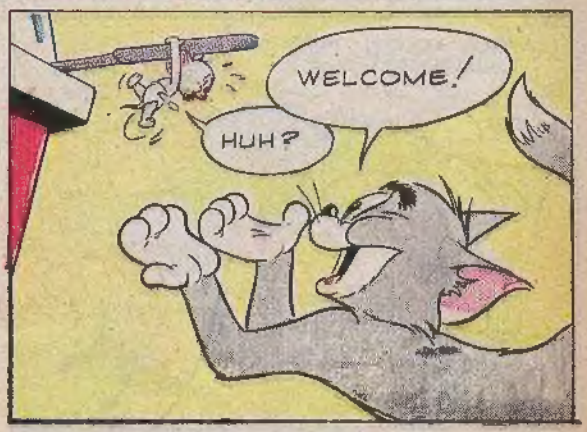

AH! SOMETHING TO PRY WITH!

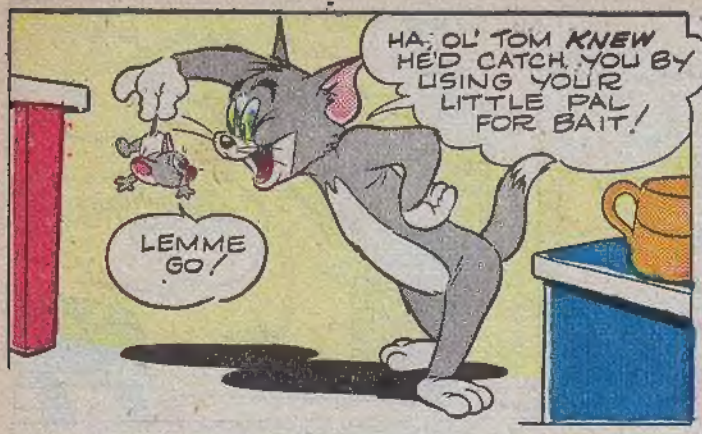

THIS KITCHEN KNIFE IS JUST THE TICKET!

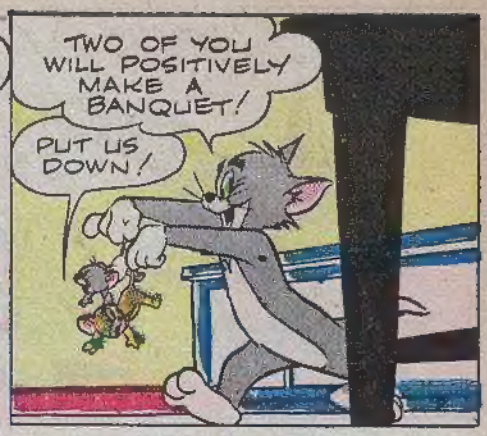

WHAT'S THE IDEA?
YOU JUST PUSH ON THE FAR SIDE OF THAT GLASS...


AND LOOK OUT FOR THAT BOTTLE WHEN SHE DROPS!

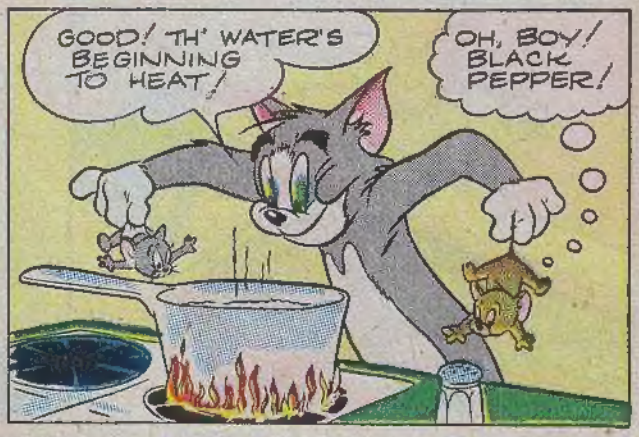

IT'S BEGINNING TO ROCK!

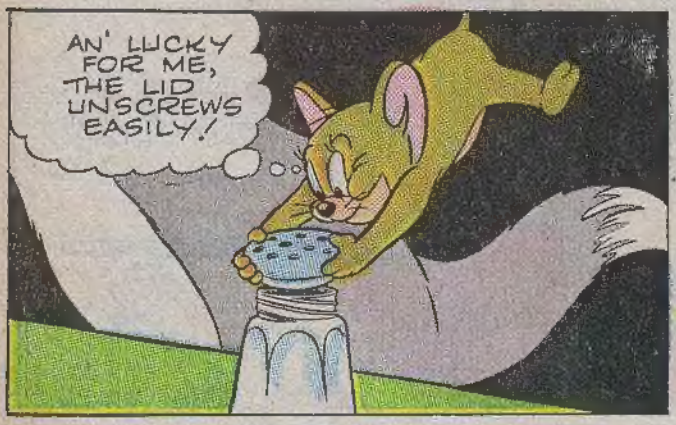

WELCOME!
HUH?

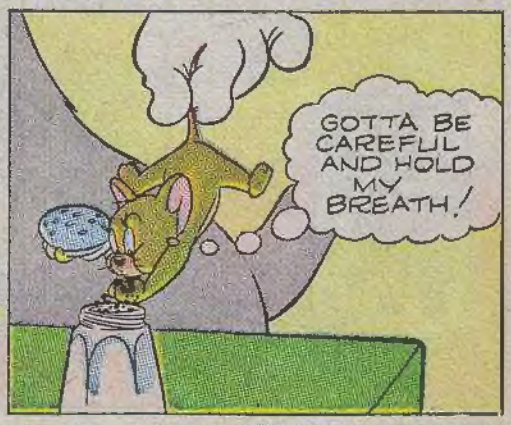

HA, OL' TOM KNEW HE'D CATCH YOU BY USING YOUR LITTLE PAL FOR BAIT!
LEMME GO!

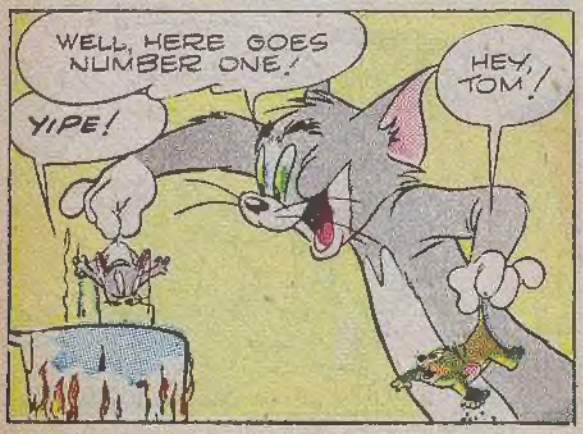

TWO OF YOU WILL POSITIVELY MAKE A BANQUET!
PUT US DOWN!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

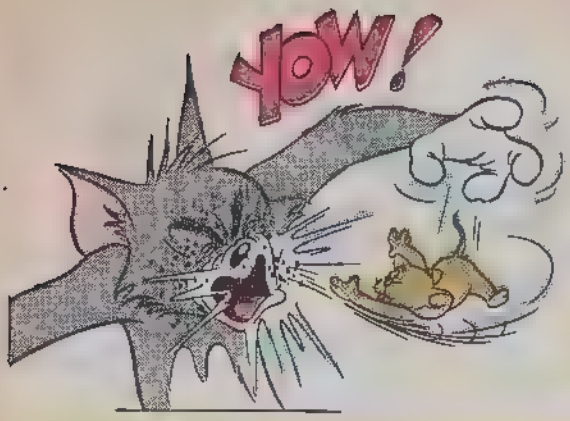

GOOD! TH' WATER'S BEGINNING TO HEAT!
OH, BOY! BLACK PEPPER!

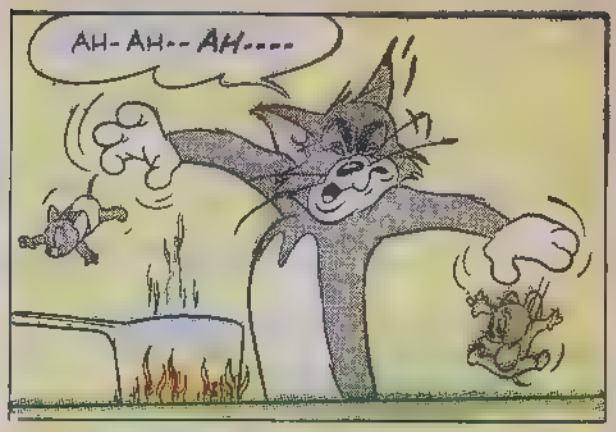

AN' LUCKY FOR ME, THE LID UNSCREWS EASILY!

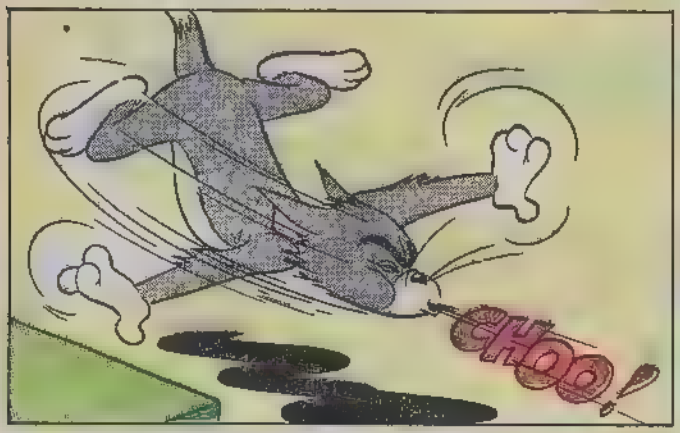

GOTTA BE CAREFUL AND HOLD MY BREATH!

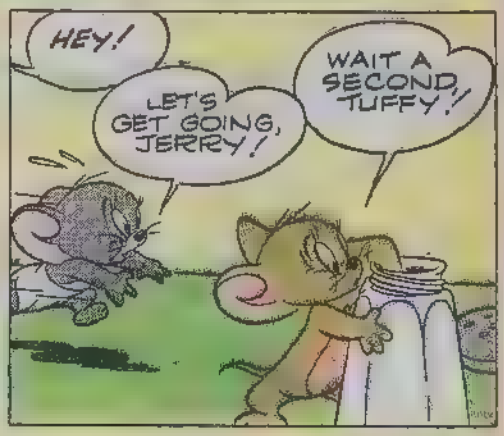

WELL, HERE GOES NUMBER ONE!
YIPE!
HEY, TOM!

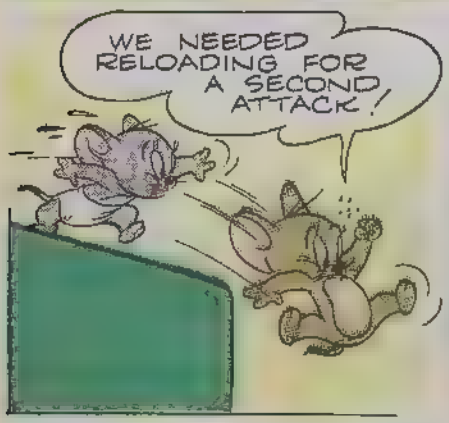
WHAT'S THAT, MY DAINTY LITTLE MORSEL?
TAKE THIS!

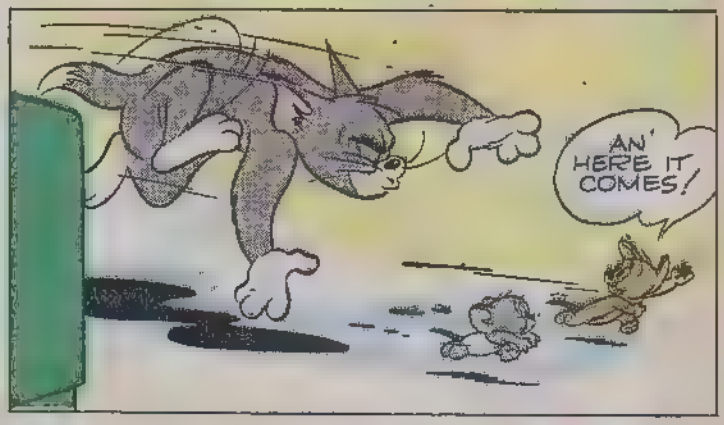

YOW!

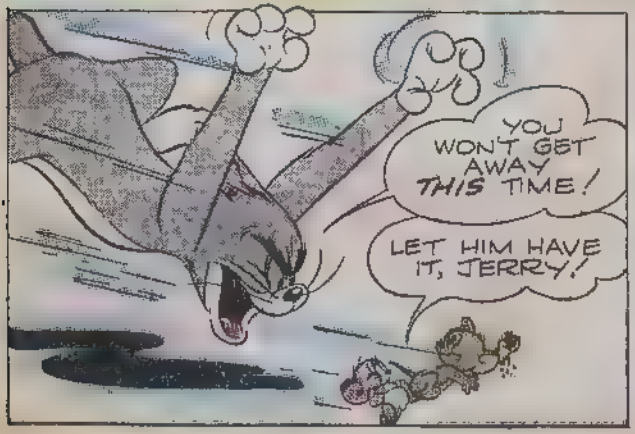

AH-AH-- AH----

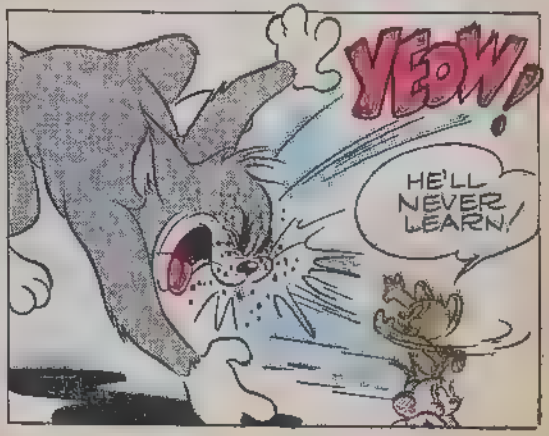

CHOO!

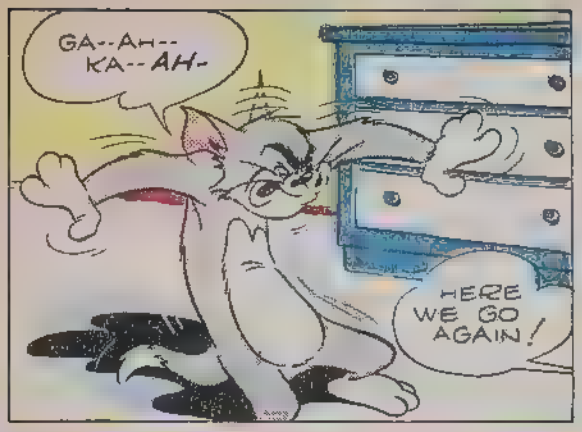

HEY!
LET'S GET GOING, JERRY!
WAIT A SECOND, TUFFY!

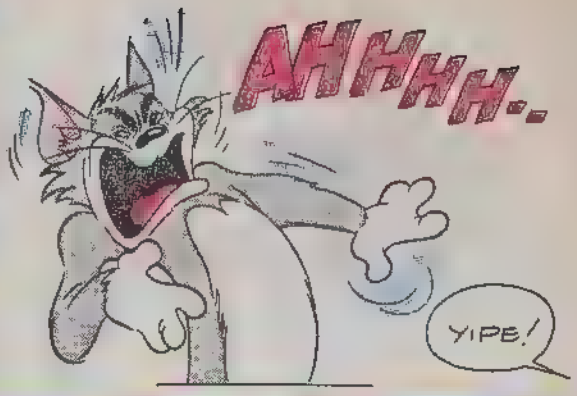

WE NEEDED RELOADING FOR A SECOND ATTACK!

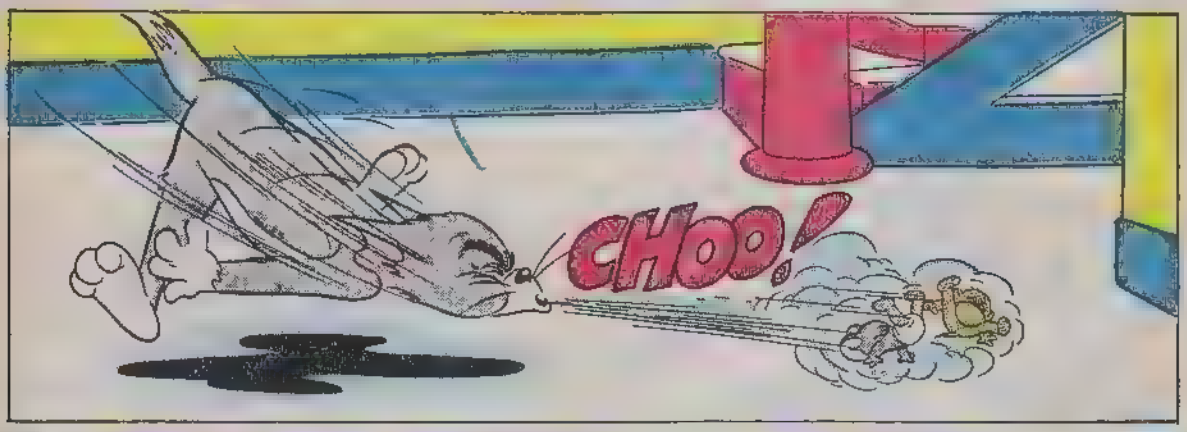

AN' HERE'S IT COMES!

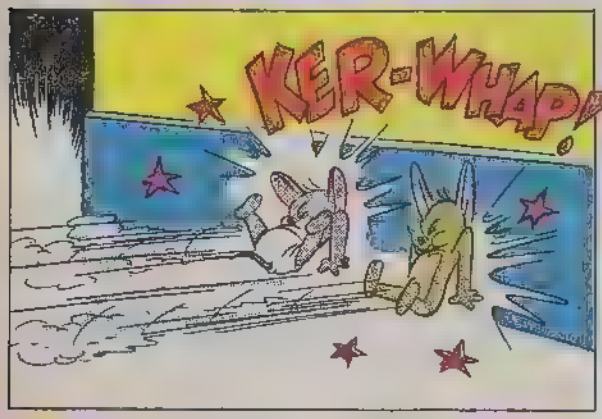

YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!
LET HIM HAVE IT, JERRY!

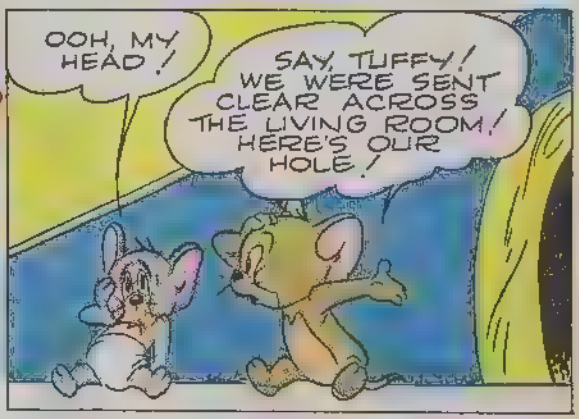

YEOW!
HE'LL NEVER LEARN!

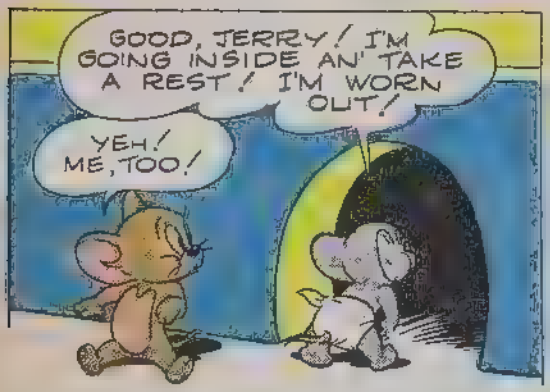


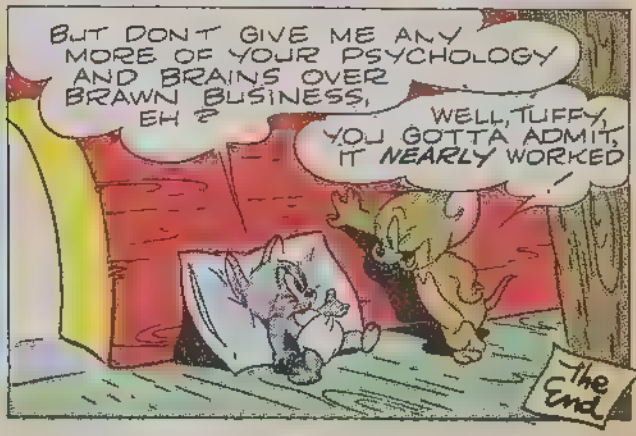






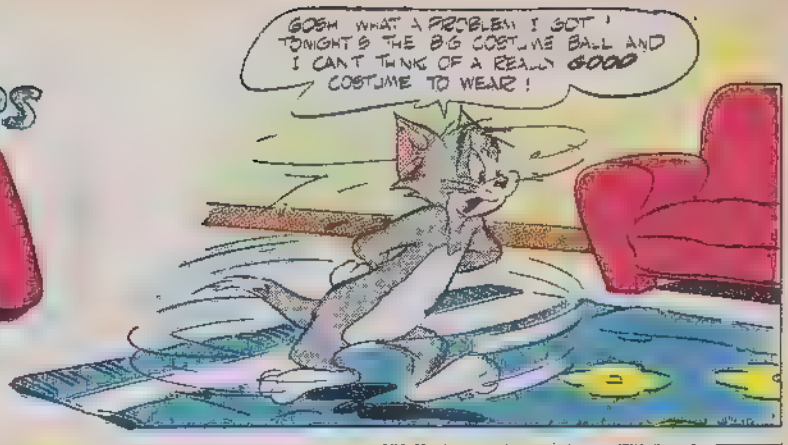


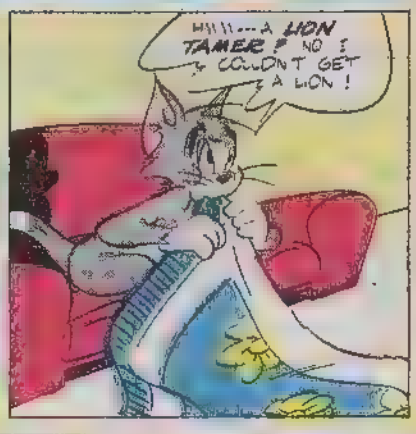


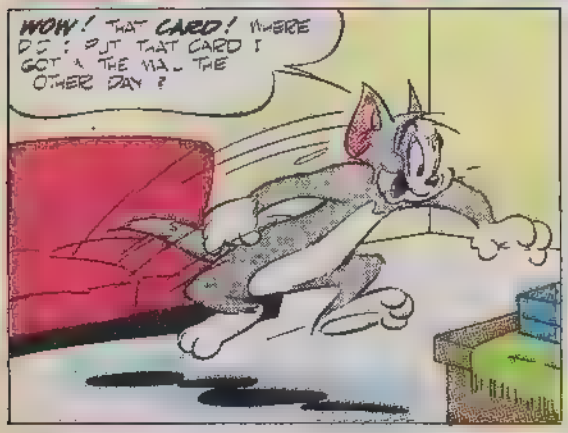


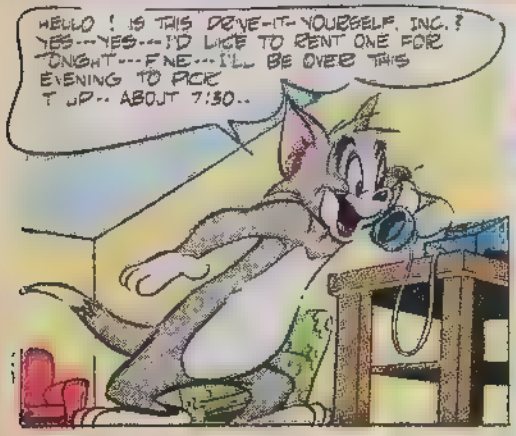
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

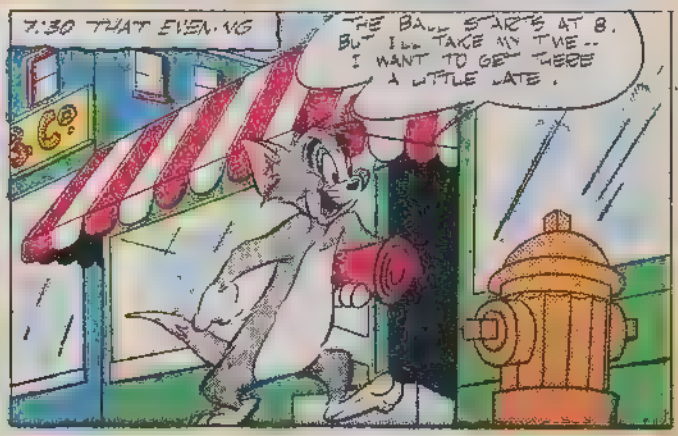
MGM presents the Adventures of TOM

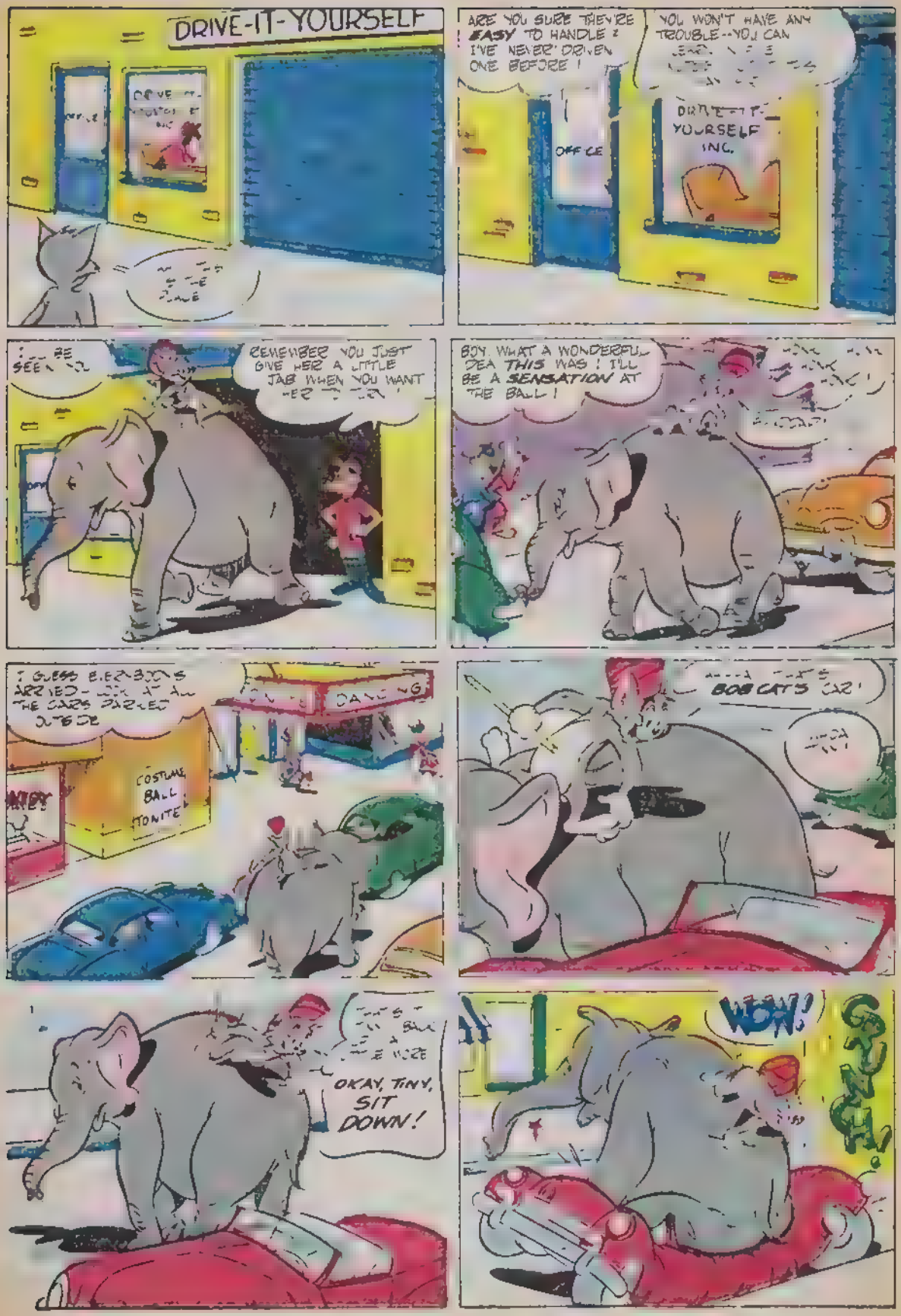


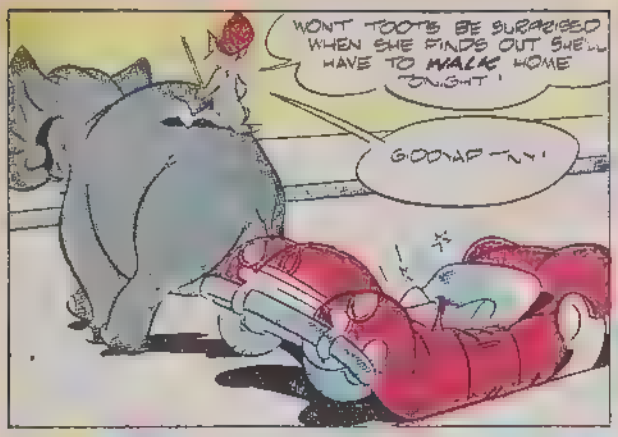


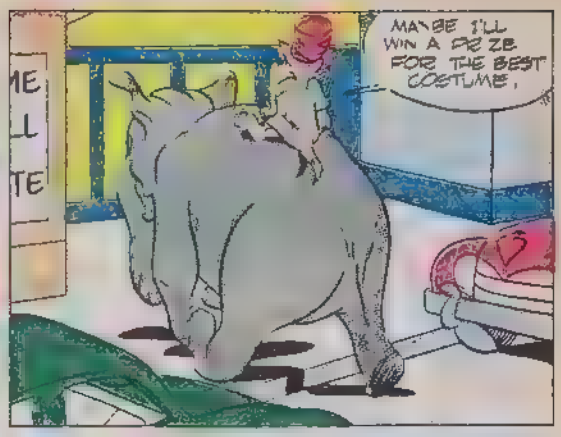


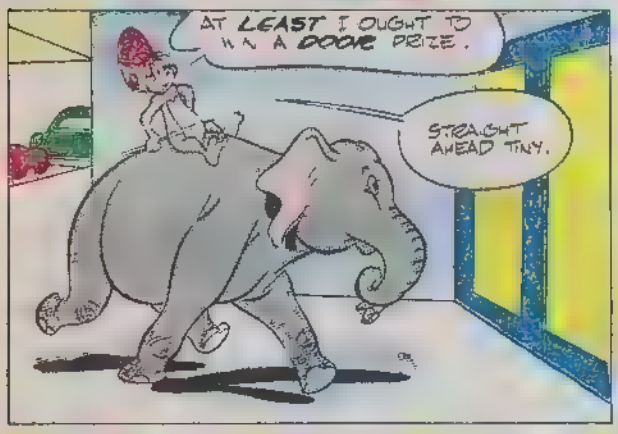


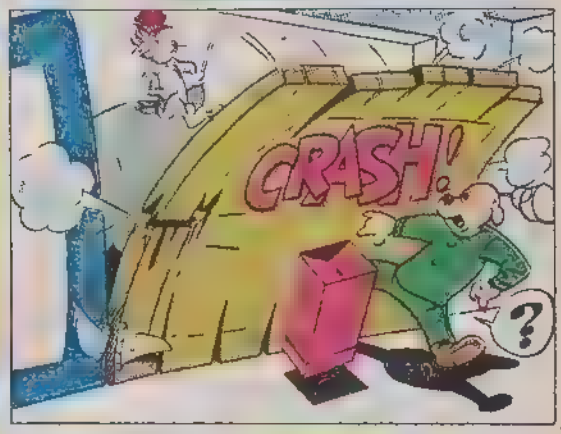


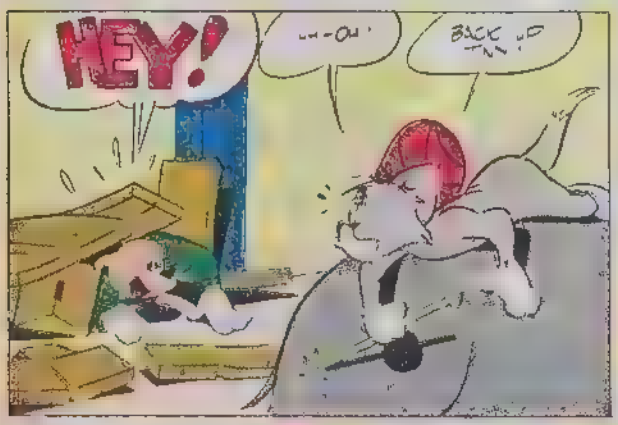

DRIVE-IT-YOURSELF
ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE EASY TO HANDLE? I'VE NEVER DRIVEN ONE BEFORE!
YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE--YOU CAN
OFFICE
DRIVE-IT-YOURSELF INC.
REMEMBER YOU JUST GIVE HER A LITTLE JAB WHEN YOU WANT
BOY, WHAT A WONDERFUL IDEA THIS WAS! I'LL BE A SENSATION AT THE BALL!
I GUESS EVERYBODY'S ARRIVED--LOOK AT ALL THE CARS PARKED OUTSIDE
DANCING
COSTUME BALL TONITE
BOB CAT'S CAR!
OKAY, TINY, SIT DOWN!
WOW!
GRUNCH!

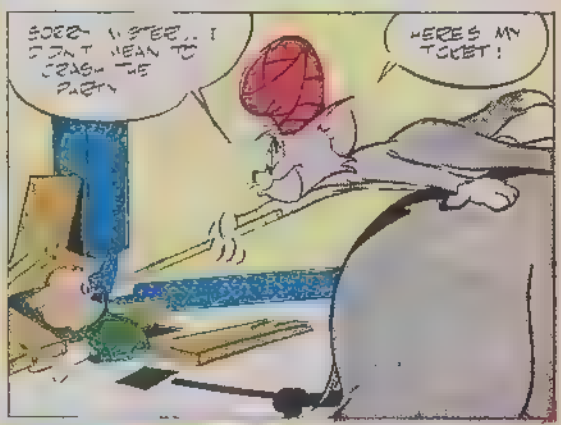

WONT TOOTS BE SURPRISED WHEN SHE FINDS OUT SHE'LL HAVE TO WALK HOME TONIGHT!
GOODNIGHT TINY!

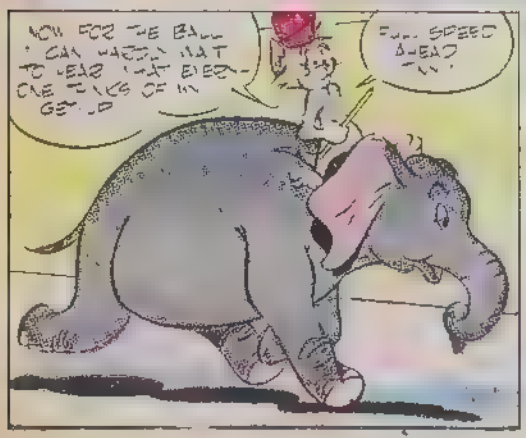

MAYBE I'LL WIN A PRIZE FOR THE BEST COSTUME.

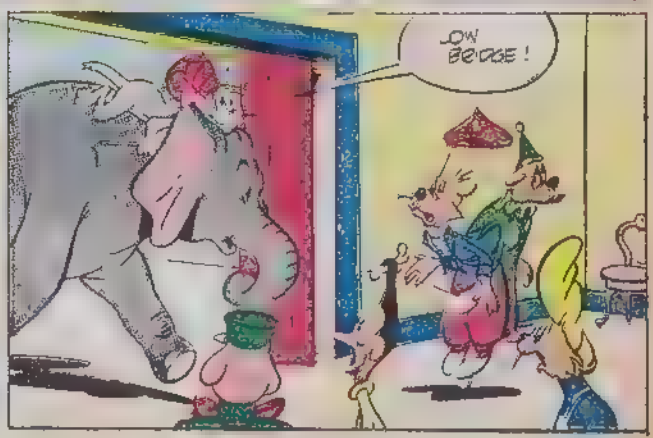

AT LEAST I OUGHT TO WIN A DOOR PRIZE.
STRAIGHT AHEAD TINY.

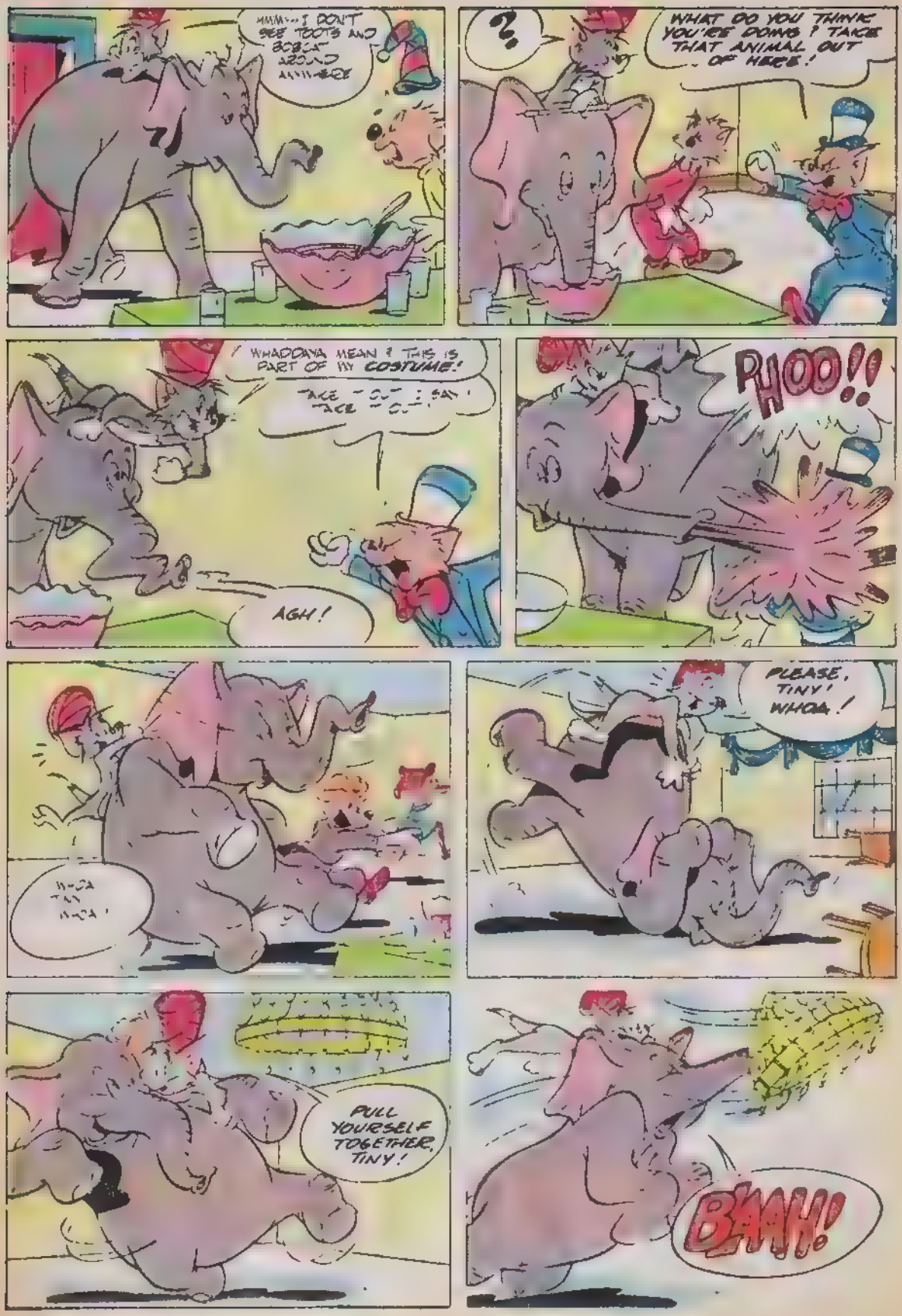

CRASH!
?

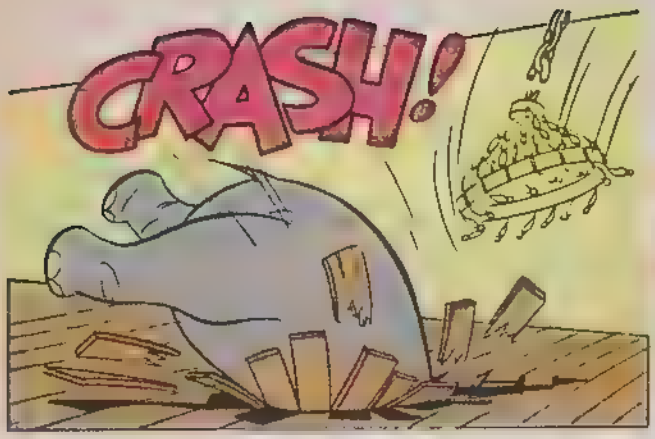

HEY!
BACK UP TINY!

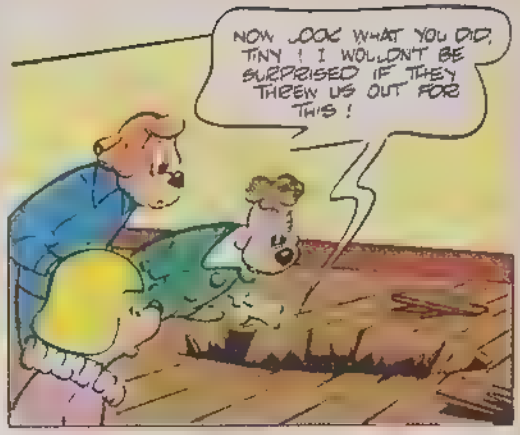

SORRY MISTER... I DIDN'T MEAN TO CRASH THE PARTY.
HERE'S MY TICKET!


NOW FOR THE BALL... I'M HAPPY THAT TO HEAR THAT ELEPHANT TAKES OFF IN GEORGE
FULL SPEED AHEAD TINY!

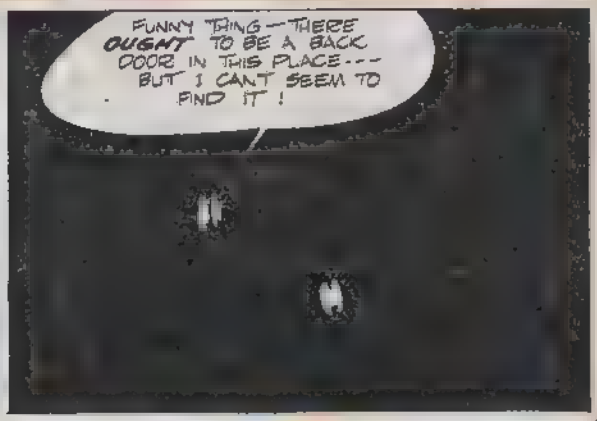

LOW BRIDGE!

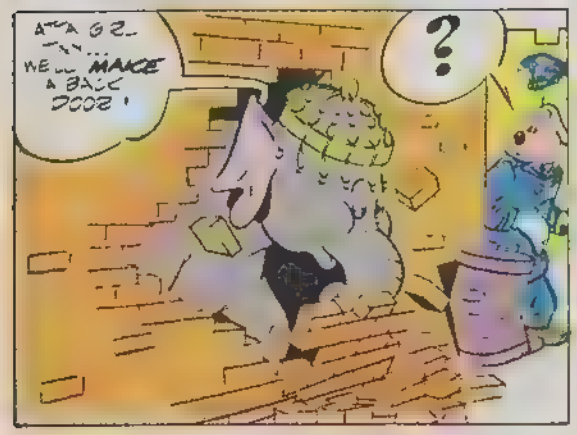

MMM... I DON'T SEE TOOTS AND BOBCAT AROUND ANYWHERE
?
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? TAKE THAT ANIMAL OUT OF HERE!
WHADDYA MEAN? THIS IS PART OF MY COSTUME!
TAKE OUT! SAY! TAKE OUT!
AGH!
PHOO!!
WHOA TINY WHOA!
PLEASE, TINY! WHOA!
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, TINY!
BAAH!

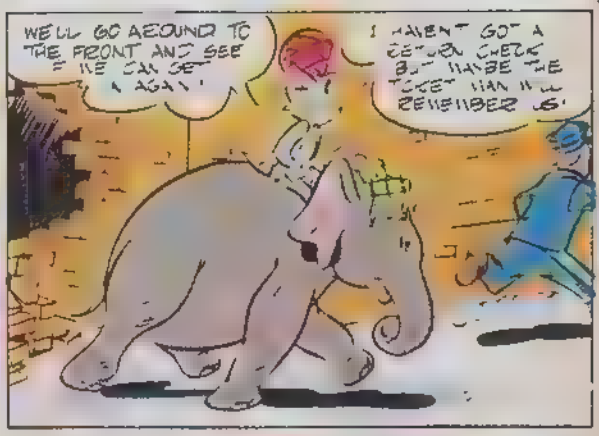

CRASH!

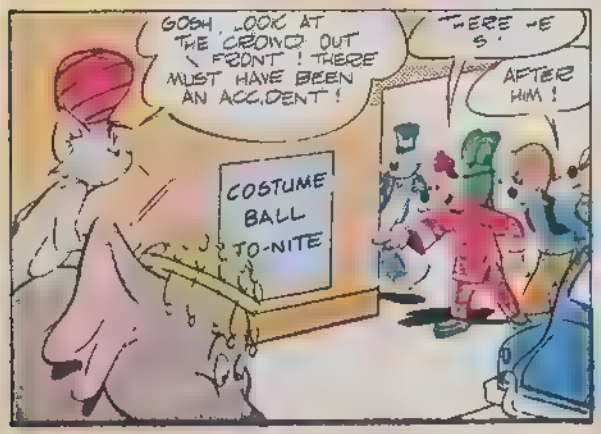

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID, TINY ! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THEY THREW US OUT FOR THIS !

GOSH THIS CELLAR IS DARK!
C'MON TINY, WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUR WAY OUT OF HERE !

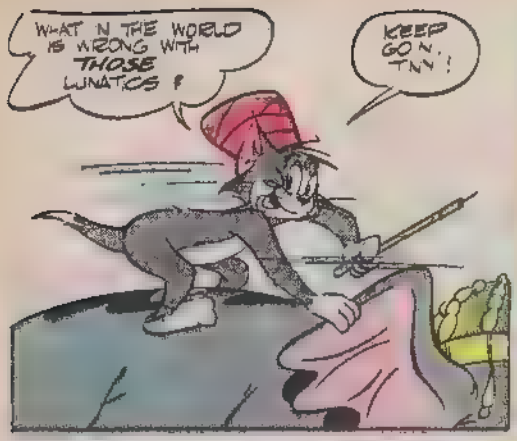

FUNNY THING—THERE OUGHT TO BE A BACK DOOR IN THIS PLACE--- BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND IT !

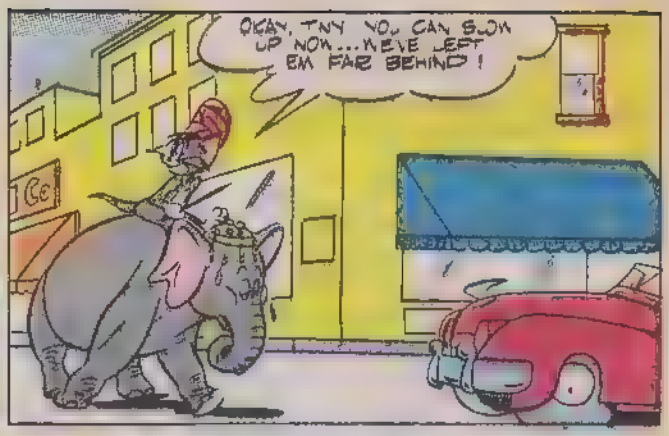

?
WELL MAKE A BACK DOOR !

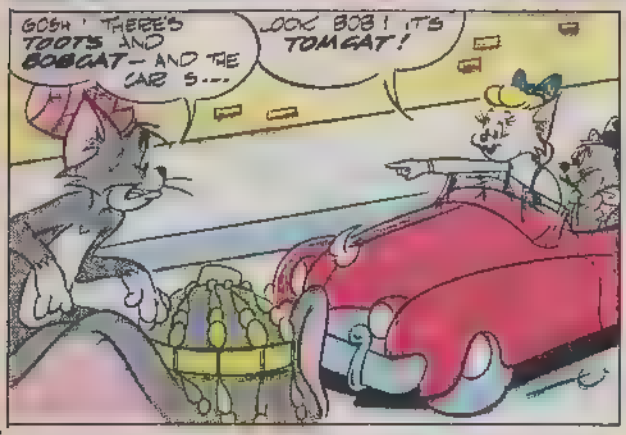

WELL GO AROUND TO THE FRONT AND SEE IF WE CAN GET IN AGAIN !
I HAVEN'T GOT A CLOAKROOM CHECK BUT MAYBE THE TICKET MAN WILL REMEMBER US !

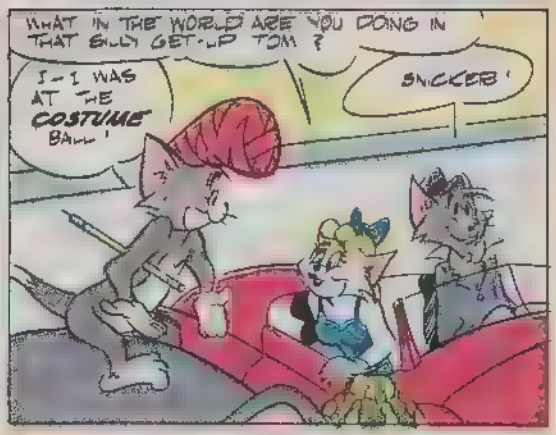

GOSH, LOOK AT THE CROWD OUT FRONT ! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT !
THERE HE IS !
AFTER HIM !
COSTUME BALL TO-NITE

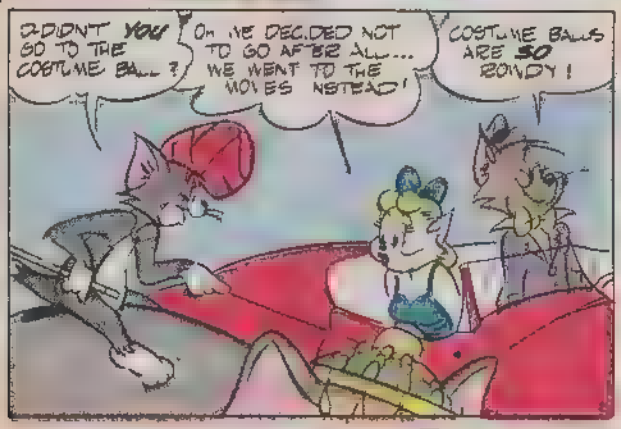
GOD-AD-MN !
KILL HIM!

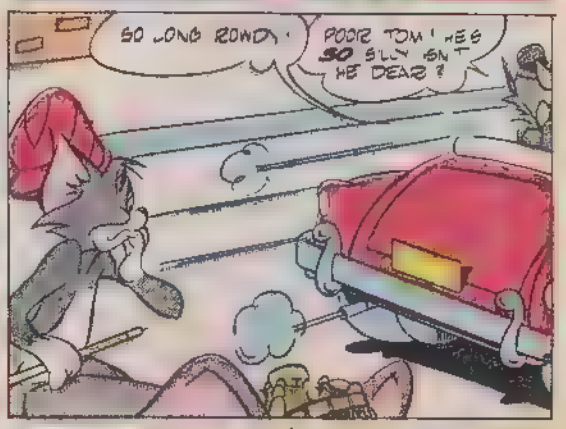


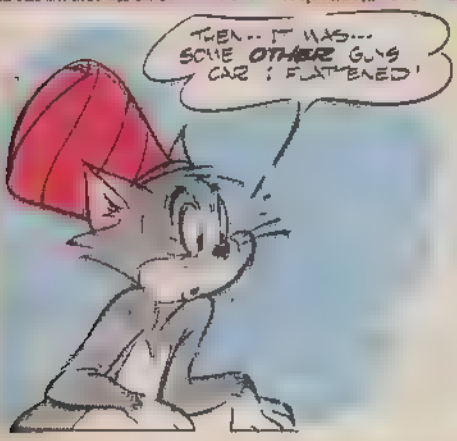


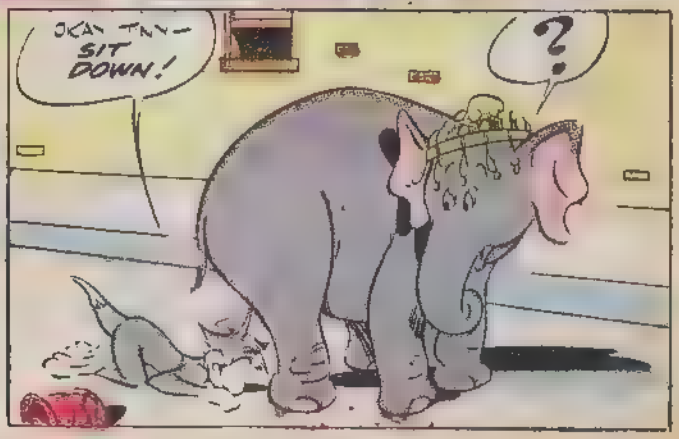












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"This is the third day in a row we've been to the pantry and have seen no sign of Tom," said Jerry.

"Yeh, that isn't like ol' Tom at all," said Tuffy. "He's always kept a close watch over that pantry. It sure is funny."

The little mice had just returned from the pantry where they had spent a very pleasant lunch hour stuffing themselves with all the good things they could find. As usual, they had kept a sharp lookout for their old enemy Tom, the house cat. But Tom never showed up. Now, safely back in their little mousehole apartment they wondered why the always watchful cat hadn't bothered them.

"Say, maybe it's a trick!" exclaimed Tuffy. "Maybe he thinks if he lets us alone for a while, we'll get careless and he'll catch us off guard!"

"Hm'm, maybe," said Jerry, "but I don't think ol' Tom is that smart. Anyway, he wouldn't have the patience to stay away from the pantry if he knew we were there."

"No, I guess not," admitted Tuffy. "What do you suppose COULD be the matter?"

"I dunno. Maybe he ran away from home. Maybe the folks GAVE him away. Maybe —"

"Aw, they wouldn't get RID of him," piped Tuffy. "After all, they got MICE in the house!"

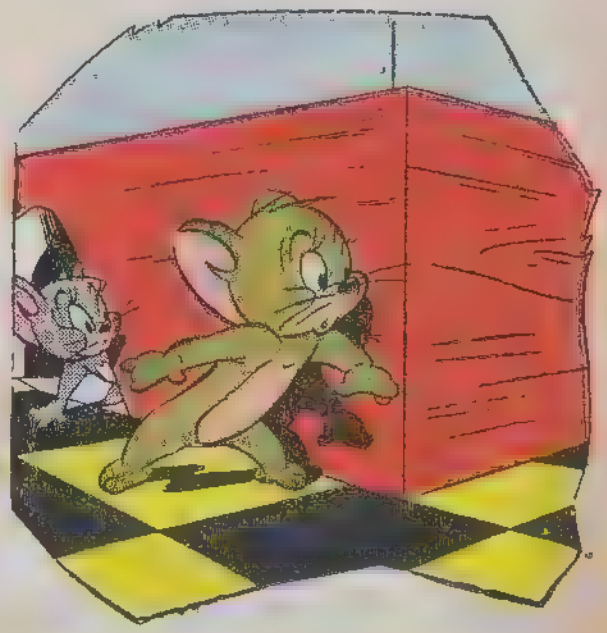
"Yeh, two — you an' me," laughed Jerry. "But Tom never has caught us. Maybe the folks know that and fired him!"

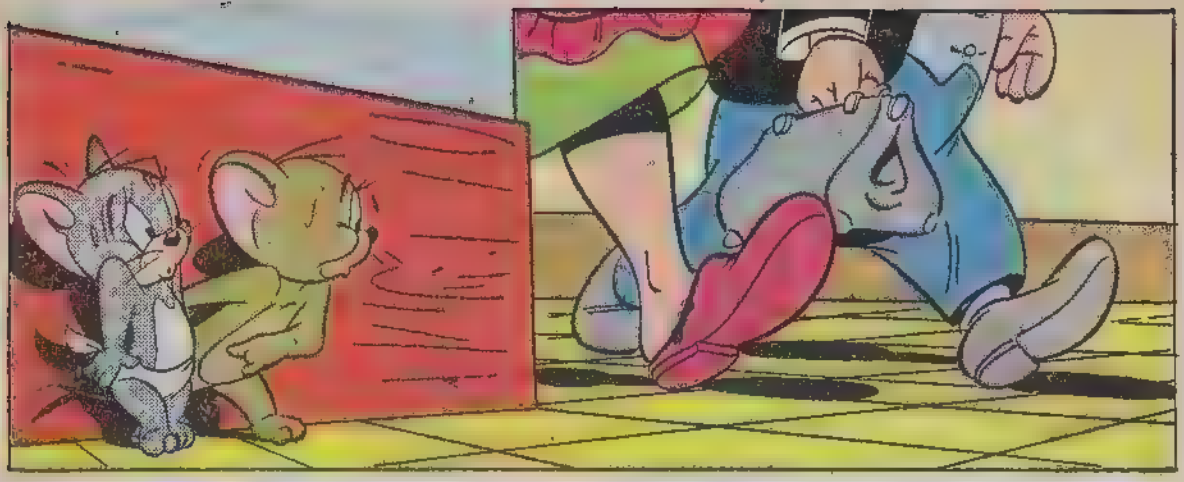
"Gosh, I hope not," said Tuffy. "The place wouldn't be the same without ol' Tom."

"Say, we won't be any the wiser just sitting here talking about it," cried Jerry. "Tom used to spend most of his time hanging out in the kitchen. Let's sneak out there and look around."

"Let's go!" squeaked Tuffy, who was already halfway out of the door. "What are we waiting for?"

"Now take it easy," cautioned Jerry.





"We're not SURE Tom isn't around any more."

The little mice scampered across the room, and, staying close to the wall, crept down the long hallway toward the back of the house. They were halfway down the hall when they heard the big front door slam. Then a sound of voices and heavy footsteps suddenly drew near. It was too late to turn back; the frightened little mice flattened themselves against the wall as two huge figures went by. The mice recognized one of them as the lady of the house; the other, a man they had never seen before, was carrying a little black bag.

"G-Gosh, that was close," stuttered Tuffy.

"They went into the kitchen," whispered Jerry, "where WE were going. I guess we'll have to—"

Just then there was a long, mournful groan from the kitchen. The mice knew the voice immediately; it was Tom's, and he seemed to be in great pain. Then they heard the strange man's voice talking soothingly, and Tom groaned again.

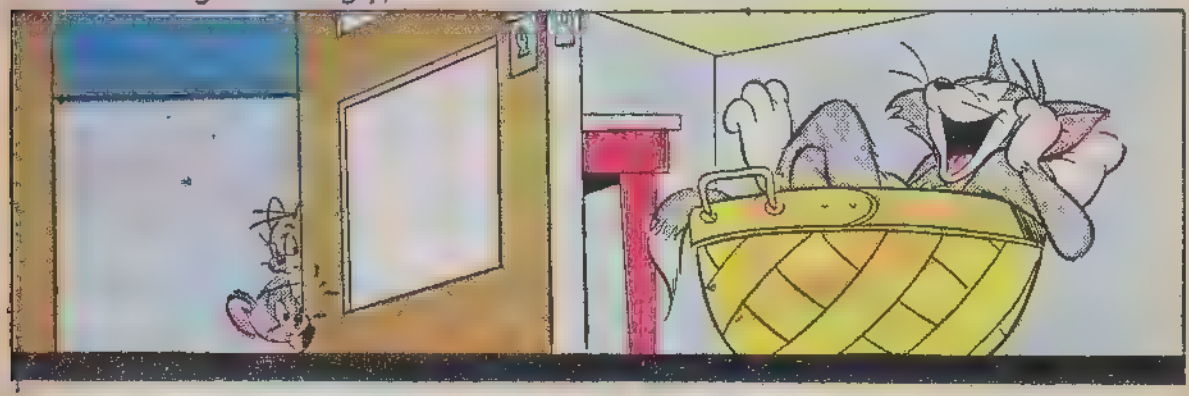
"Something funny's going on in there!" said Tuffy excitedly. "C'mon, let's see if we can get a little closer."

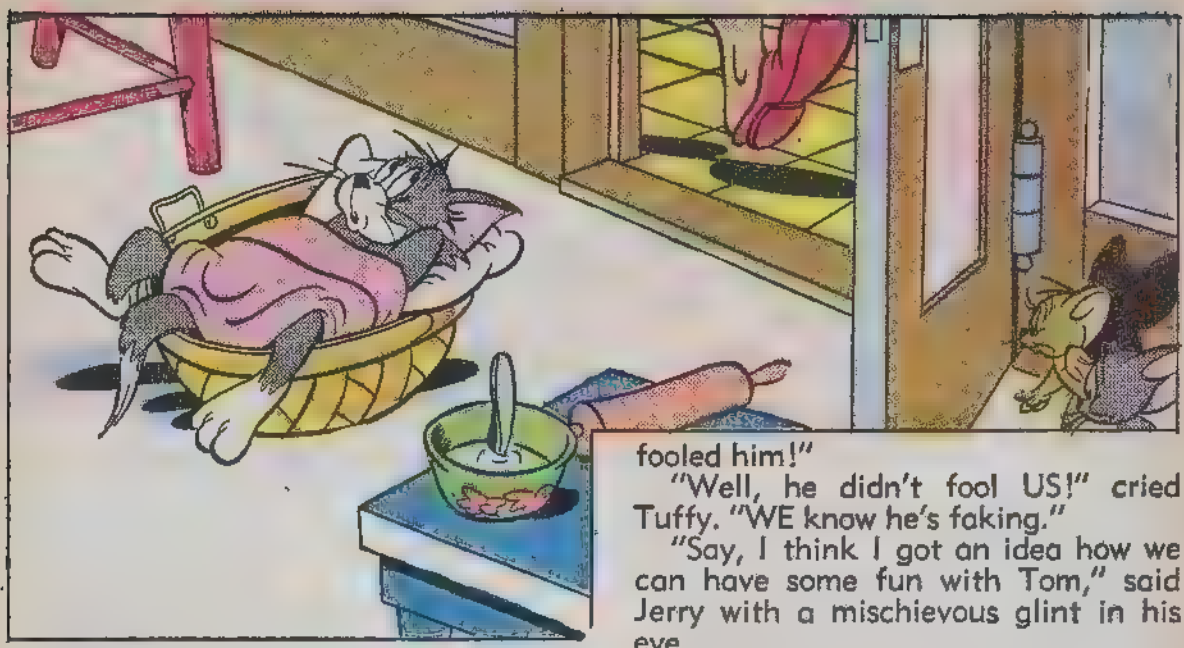
"Careful now, Tuff," warned Jerry, as they tiptoed up to the kitchen door.

On the far side of the kitchen the strange man and the lady of the house were bending over something on the floor. It was the basket Tom always slept in, but it was pulled out from its regular place under the sink. Out of one end hung Tom's tail, limp and still; out of the other end came a loud, pitiful wail of pain.

"There, there, you'll be all right," said the strange man. "You're a very very sick cat, but you'll be well again."

Then the strange man and the lady of the house stood up and walked toward the door. Jerry and Tuffy flattened themselves against the wall again as the two people passed them and moved down the hall. When they had disappeared around the bend of the hallway, the curious little mice turned their attention back to the kitchen.





They were amazed to see Tom sitting up in his basket with his paw clapped over his mouth. He seemed to be laughing fit to burst. Finally he took his paw away and the mice heard him say, "Boy, have I got 'em all fooled! Nothing to do now but lie in my basket and have everybody wait on me. Some fun!"

The front door slammed suddenly and the lady's footsteps were heard coming down the hall. Tom threw himself back in his basket and began to cry and groan pitifully.

The mice waited till the lady had passed and then they raced back to their little mousehole apartment.

"Can you imagine that?" squeaked Tuffy. "He's FAKING! He's not sick at all!"

"I'll bet that strange man was a doctor," cried Jerry. "And Tom even fooled him!"

"Well, he didn't fool US!" cried Tuffy. "WE know he's faking."

"Say, I think I got an idea how we can have some fun with Tom," said Jerry with a mischievous glint in his eye.

"C'mon, pal, let's hear it," urged Tuffy.

"Well, I think it would be very nice if we paid Tom a visit. After all, he's an old friend of ours and we ought to take him flowers or something to cheer him up, and—"

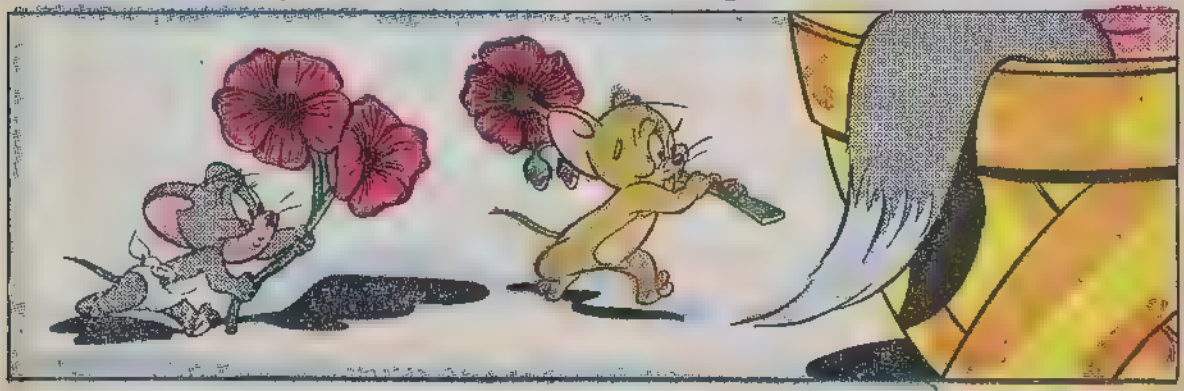
"I get it!" squeaked Tuffy. "Wow! We'll cheer him up, all right!"

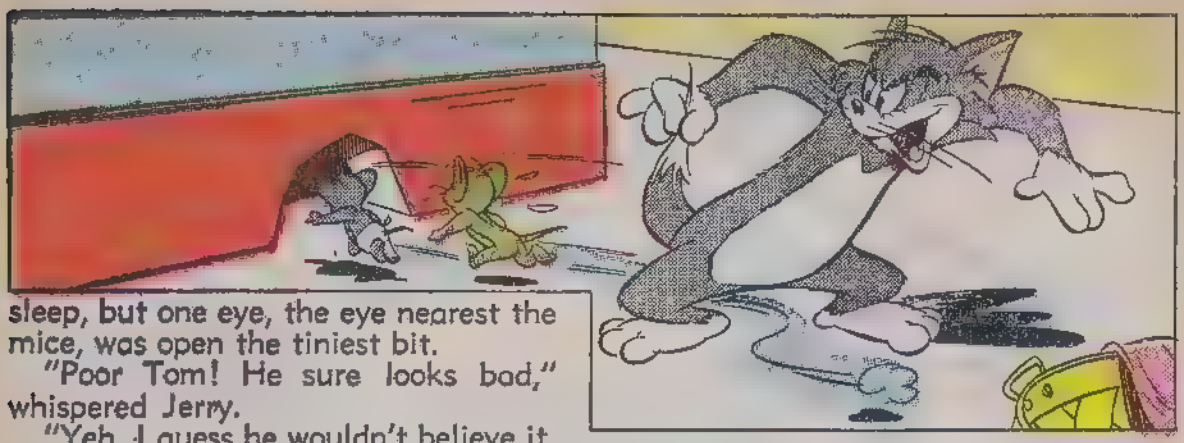
A little later the two mice could be seen heading for the kitchen, each staggering under a large red geranium flower.

"Ol' Tom will sure appreciate this," said Jerry loudly as they crossed the kitchen floor.

"There isn't ANYTHING I wouldn't do for our pal!" shouted Tuffy.

Propping their flowers up against the basket, the little mice easily climbed up the wickerwork side and peered over the edge. Tom seemed to be sound a-





sleep, but one eye, the eye nearest the mice, was open the tiniest bit.

"Poor Tom! He sure looks bad," whispered Jerry.

"Yeh, I guess he wouldn't believe it, but we're sure gonna miss him," sighed Tuffy.

"The doctor said he might pull through if—if—"

Suddenly Tom's eyes popped open.

"If what?" he demanded.

"Oh-er-look what we brought you, Tom ol' pal," said Tuffy, pointing to the red flowers peeping over the side of the basket.

"I don't want your flowers," said Tom rudely. "What was it you were saying about what the doctor said?"

"Well . . . we really shouldn't tell you, but we heard the doctor tell the lady of the house that he might have to OPERATE!" said Jerry.

"Operate?" shouted Tom. "Operate on WHAT?"

"Your TAIL," said Tuffy. "The doctor said he might have to-er-cut it off!"

"WHAT?" screamed Tom. "They can't do that to me! There's nothing wrong with—?"

"Oh," said Jerry quickly. "I remember the doctor also said he might NOT have to operate if . . . if . . ."

"If what?" demanded Tom.

"If all the HAIR fell out of your tail, he said if THAT happened it would be a good sign and he wouldn't have to operate."

"Oh-h-h!" moaned Tom. "What'll I do? What'll I do?"

"I-er-notice the hair hasn't started to fall out of your tail yet," said Tuffy timidly.

"No! And it WON'T fall out," moaned Tom.

"Well, we have to be going," said Jerry. "Hope you get well, Tom ol' pal."

All that evening and far into the night, the mice heard sounds from the kitchen—one word repeated over and over again: "Ouch! ouch! ouch! ouch! ouch—!"

Next morning, when Jerry and Tuffy heard the lady of the house coming downstairs, they scampered out to the kitchen and hid near the door.

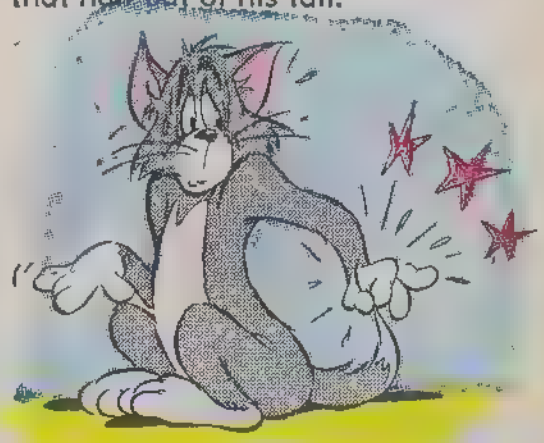
When the lady saw Tom cat huddled in his basket, she gave a little scream and stepped back.

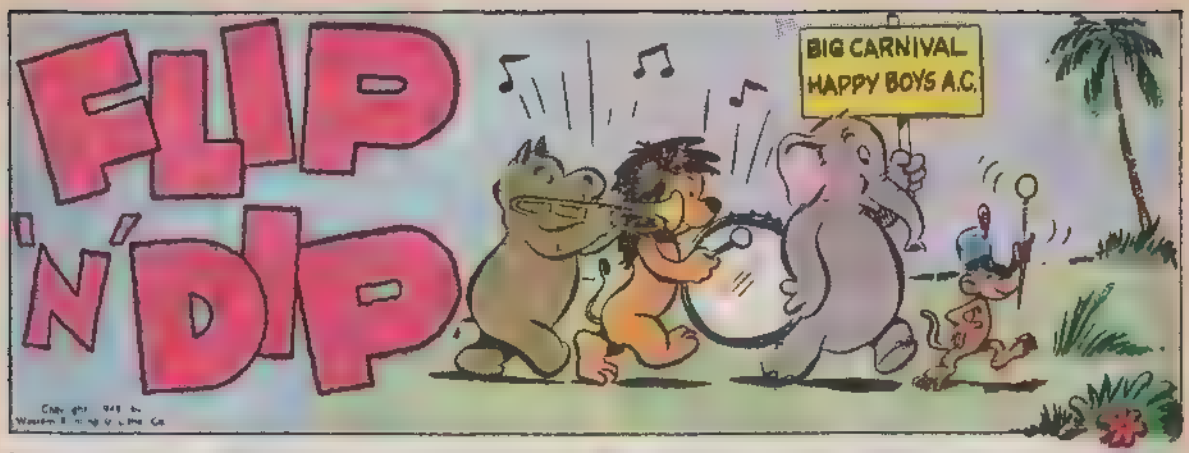
"Oh, Tom! What happened to your TAIL?" she cried. "All the hair has fallen out! Something TERRIBLE must be the matter with you!"

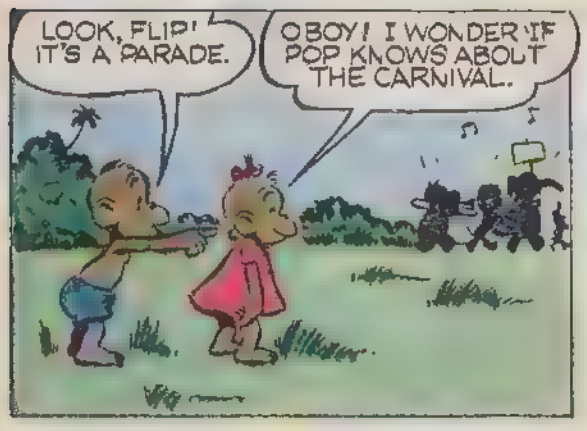
The mice waited just long enough to see the look on Tom's face, then they ran as fast as they could back to their apartment.

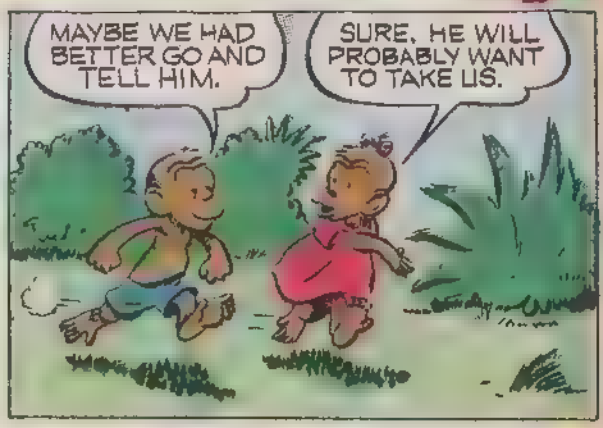
"Wow! We'd better stay out of sight for a while!" squeaked Tuffy. "Tom's gonna be looking for us!"

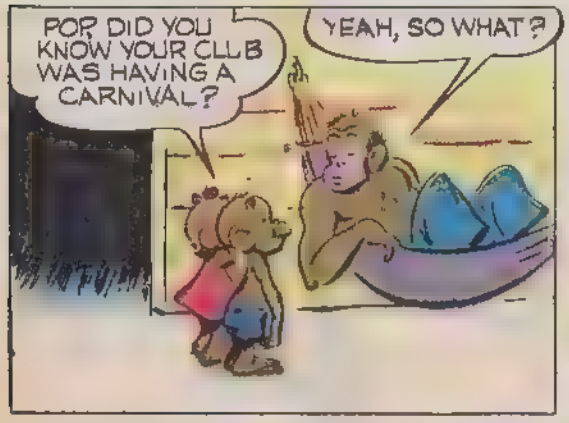
"Yeh, he's sure to be in ugly mood after staying up all night pulling all that hair out of his tail."

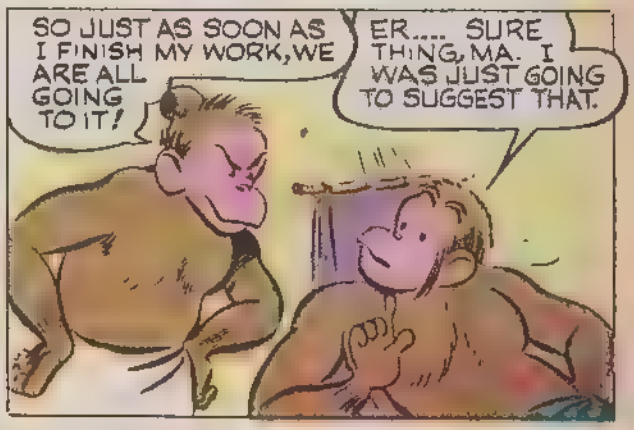



FLIP 'N' DIP
BIG CARNIVAL
HAPPY BOYS A.C.

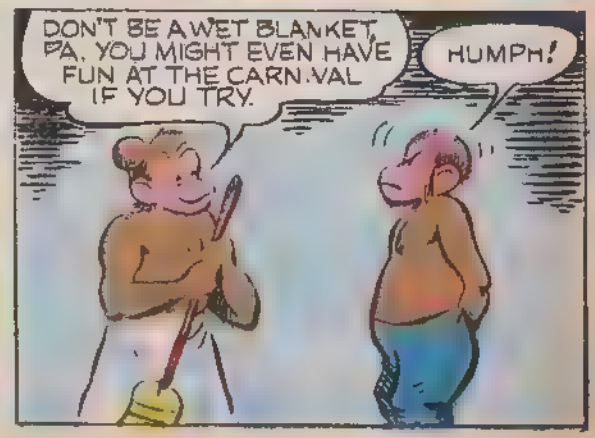

LOOK, FLIP! IT'S A PARADE.
O BOY! I WONDER IF POP KNOWS ABOUT THE CARNIVAL.


MAYBE WE HAD BETTER GO AND TELL HIM.
SURE, HE WILL PROBABLY WANT TO TAKE US.

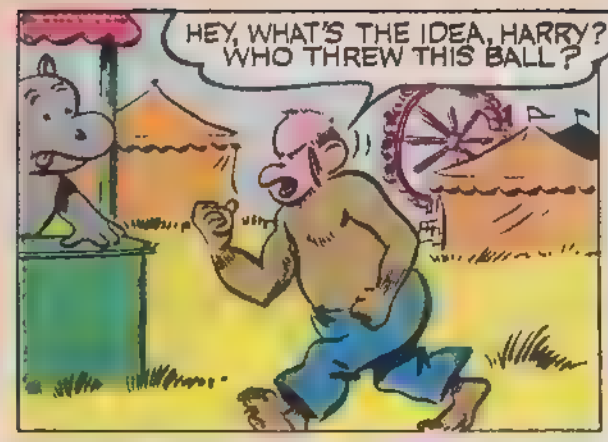

POP, DID YOU KNOW YOUR CLUB WAS HAVING A CARNIVAL?
YEAH, SO WHAT?

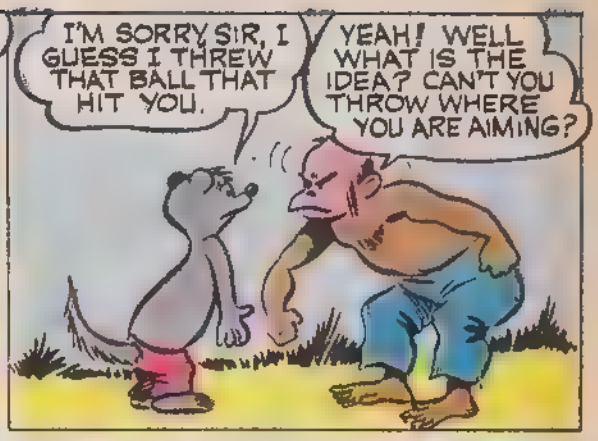

SO JUST AS SOON AS I FINISH MY WORK, WE ARE ALL GOING TO IT!
ER.... SURE THING, MA. I WAS JUST GOING TO SUGGEST THAT.

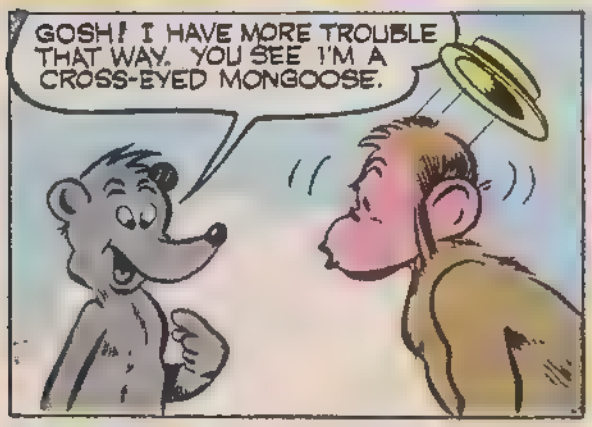
OH, GOODY! WE ARE GOING TO THE CARNIVAL.
YEAH, AND SPEND A LOT OF MONEY.

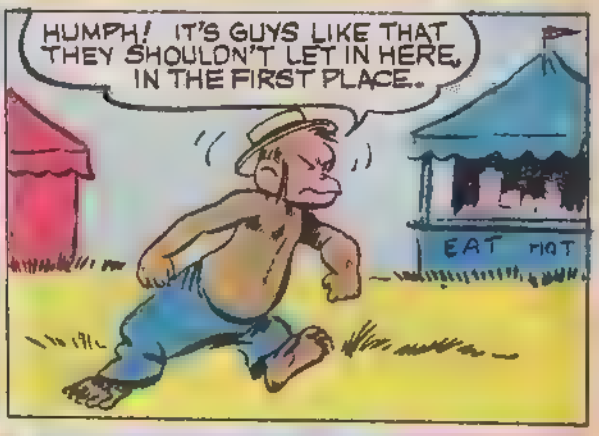

DON'T BE A WET BLANKET, PA. YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE FUN AT THE CARNIVAL IF YOU TRY.
HUMPH!

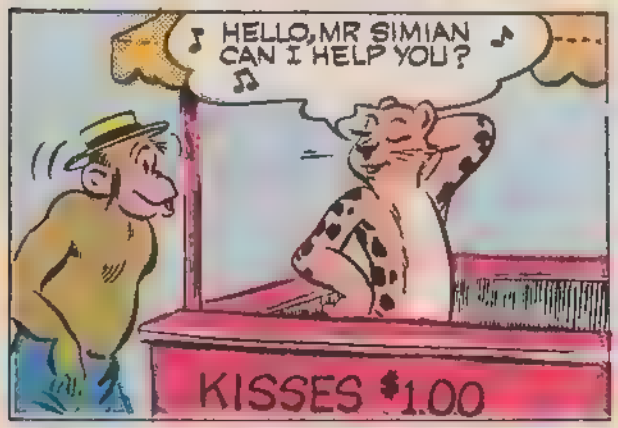
WELCOME, BROTHER HAPPY BOY OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON OF FUN, I SEE.
NO REMARKS FROM THE BALCONY, HYENA, JUST GIVE ME FOUR TICKETS.
EAT
?
WELL, YOU'VE GOT ME HERE. NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
OH, WE ARE GOING TO DO EVERYTHING. JUST GIVE US TIME.
FIRST, I THINK I'LL PUT THE CHILDREN ON SOME OF THE RIDES.
HI YA, POP. COME ON AND TRY YOUR LUCK.
3 BALLS 10¢
HELLO THERE, HARRY. WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO TO WIN?
JUST KNOCK OVER ANY OF THE DOLLS ON THE SHELF AND YOU WIN A PRIZE.
TOO BAD, POP YOU MISSED AGAIN
YEAH, TWELVE TRIES AND NO HITS. I GUESS I HAD BETTER QUIT.
I'LL TRY THIS GAME ONCE.
RIGHT
LET'S SEE NOW. WHERE DID MA SAY THEY WERE GOING?
OH, OH! WHAT A WINDUP!
NOW I REMEMBER! THEY WERE GOING OVER TO THE RIDES
KLONK!
ZIP!

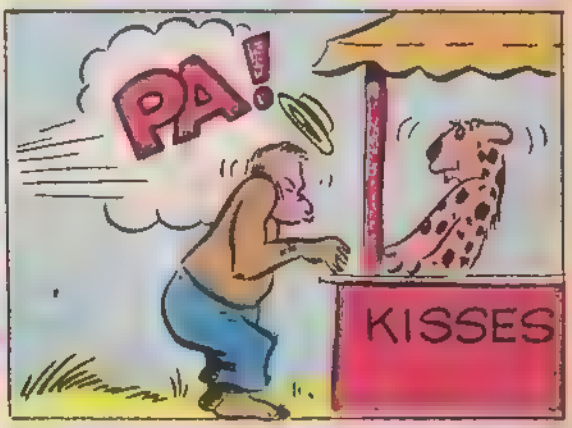

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA, HARRY? WHO THREW THIS BALL?

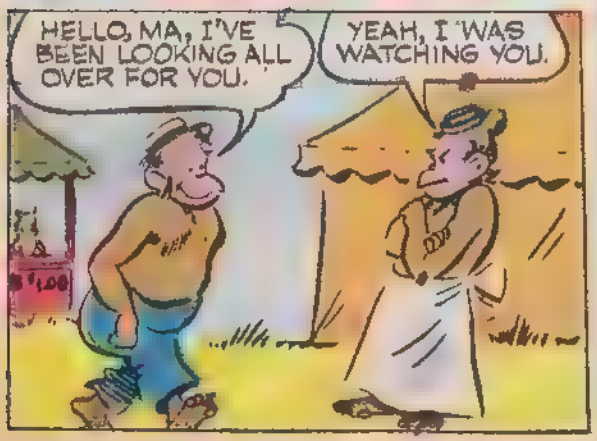

I'M SORRY SIR, I GUESS I THREW THAT BALL THAT HIT YOU.
YEAH! WELL WHAT IS THE IDEA? CAN'T YOU THROW WHERE YOU ARE AIMING?

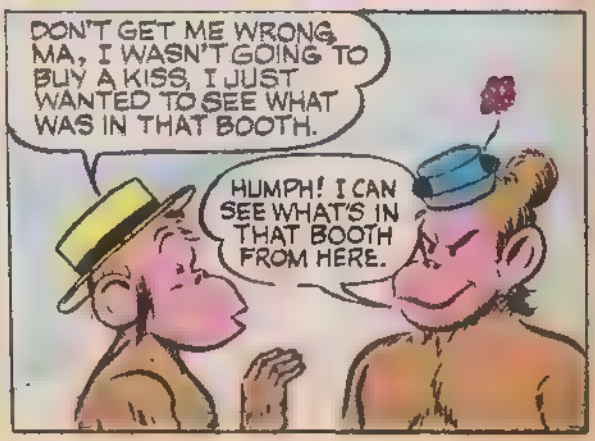

GOSH! I HAVE MORE TROUBLE THAT WAY. YOU SEE I'M A CROSS-EYED MONGOOSE.

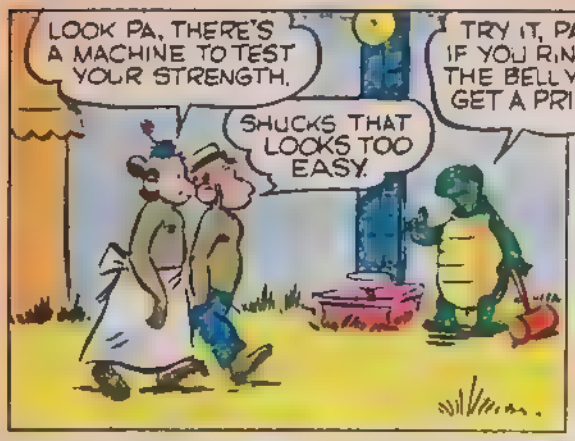

HUMPH! IT'S GUYS LIKE THAT THEY SHOULDN'T LET IN HERE, IN THE FIRST PLACE..
EAT HOT

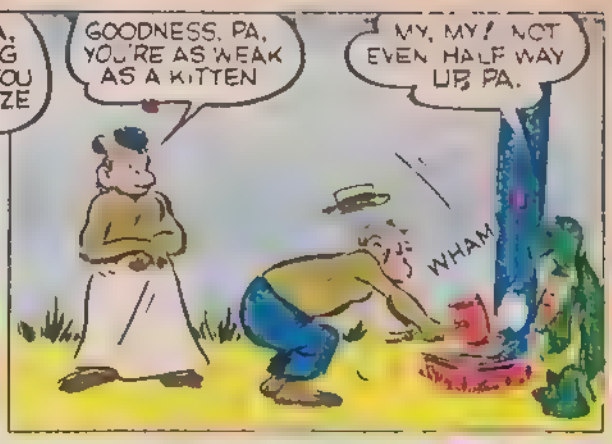

♪ HELLO, MR SIMIAN CAN I HELP YOU? ♪
KISSES $1.00

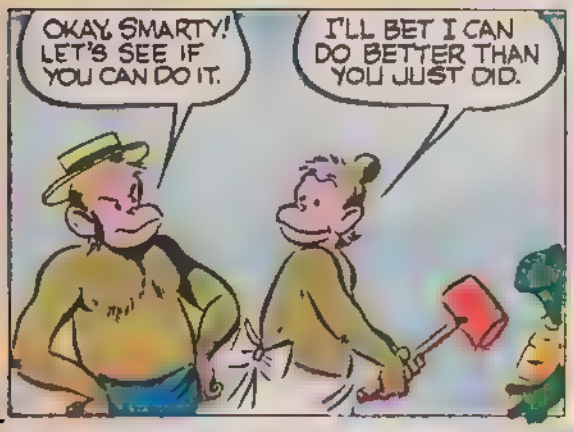

PA!
KISSES

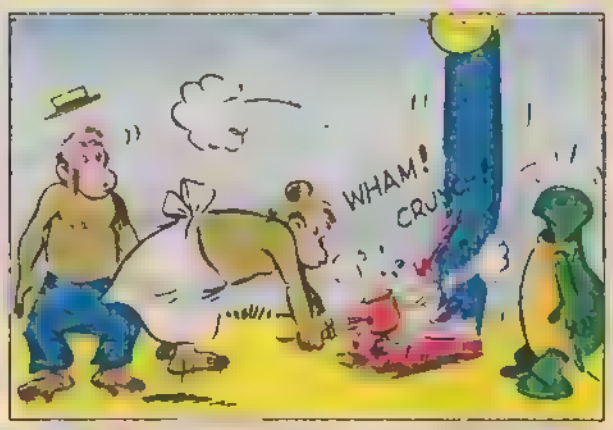

HELLO, MA, I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.
YEAH, I WAS WATCHING YOU.

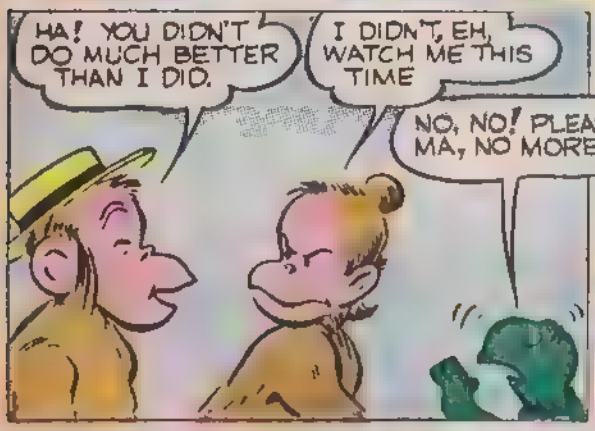

DON'T GET ME WRONG, MA, I WASN'T GOING TO BUY A KISS, I JUST WANTED TO SEE WHAT WAS IN THAT BOOTH.
HUMPH! I CAN SEE WHAT'S IN THAT BOOTH FROM HERE.

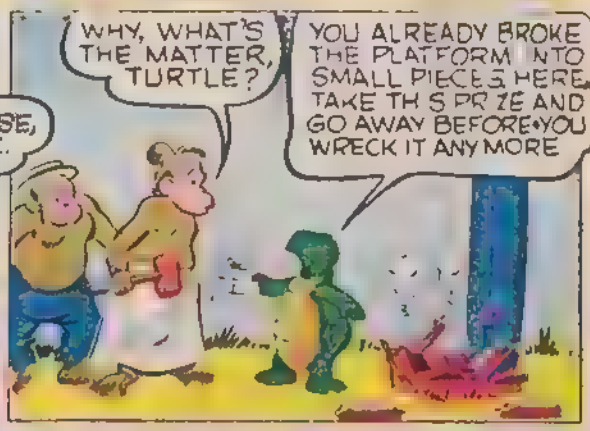

LOOK PA, THERE'S A MACHINE TO TEST YOUR STRENGTH.
SHUCKS THAT LOOKS TOO EASY.
TRY IT, PA, IF YOU RING THE BELL YOU GET A PRIZE

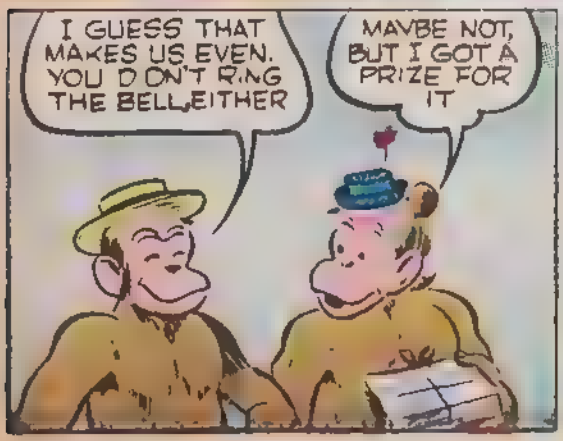

GOODNESS, PA, YOU'RE AS WEAK AS A KITTEN
MY, MY! NOT EVEN HALF WAY UP, PA.
WHAM


OKAY, SMARTY! LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN DO IT.
I'LL BET I CAN DO BETTER THAN YOU JUST DID.

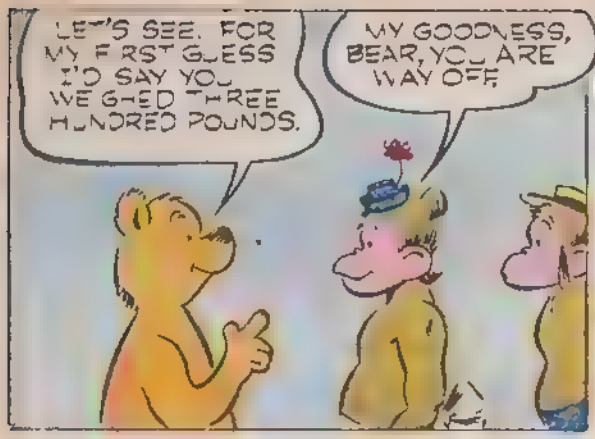

WHAM!

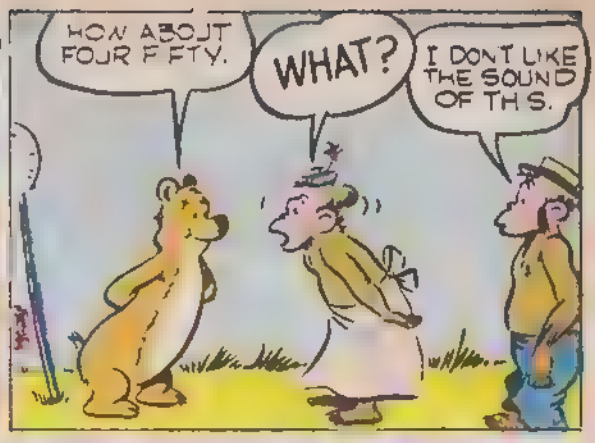

HA! YOU DIDN'T DO MUCH BETTER THAN I DID.
I DIDN'T, EH, WATCH ME THIS TIME
NO, NO! PLEASE, MA, NO MORE.

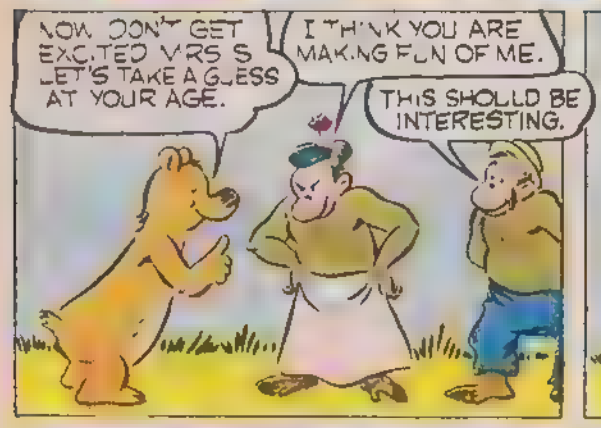

WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, TURTLE?
YOU ALREADY BROKE THE PLATFORM INTO SMALL PIECES HERE. TAKE THIS PRIZE AND GO AWAY BEFORE YOU WRECK IT ANY MORE

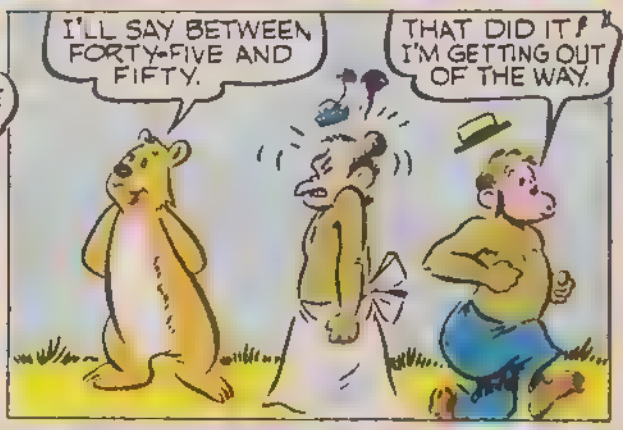

I GUESS THAT MAKES US EVEN. YOU DON'T RING THE BELL, EITHER
MAYBE NOT, BUT I GOT A PRIZE FOR IT

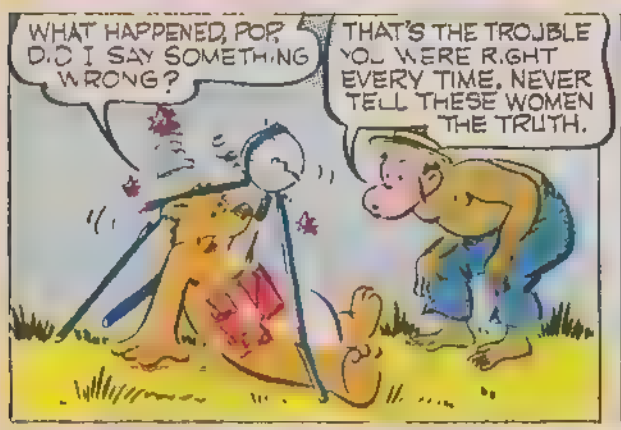
RIGHT OVER HERE, MA, I'LL GUESS YOUR WEIGHT AND AGE

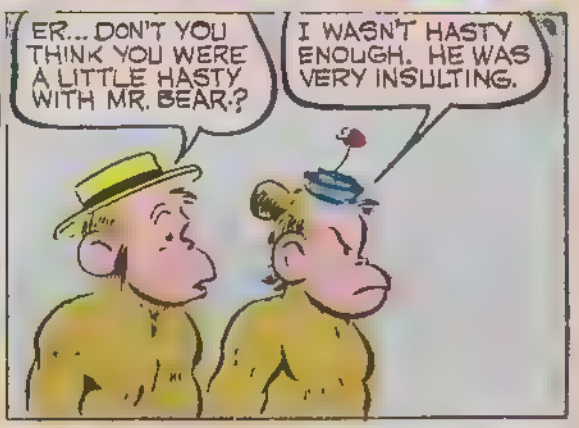

LET'S SEE. FOR MY FIRST GUESS I'D SAY YOU WEIGHED THREE HUNDRED POUNDS.
MY GOODNESS, BEAR, YOU ARE WAY OFF.

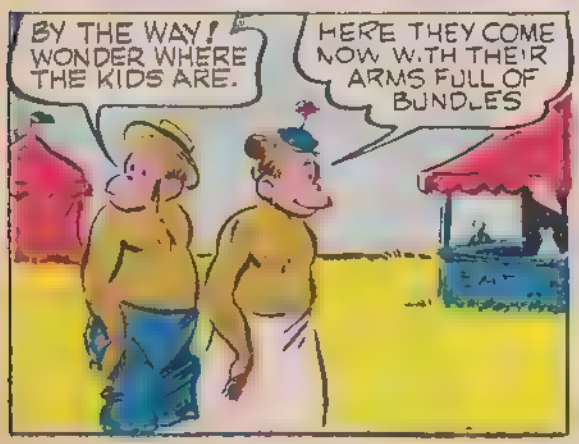

HOW ABOUT FOUR FIFTY.
WHAT?
I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS.

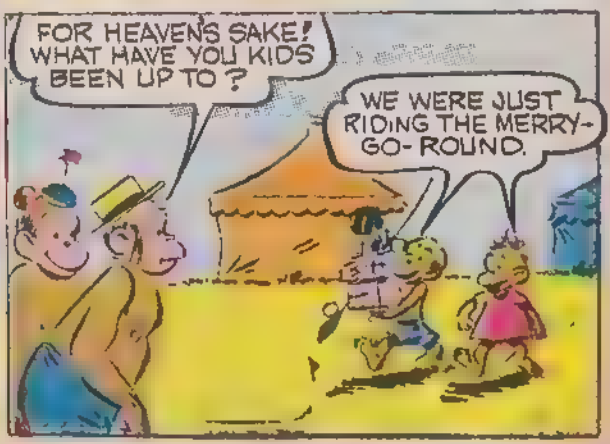

NOW DON'T GET EXCITED MRS S LET'S TAKE A GUESS AT YOUR AGE.
I THINK YOU ARE MAKING FUN OF ME.
THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING.

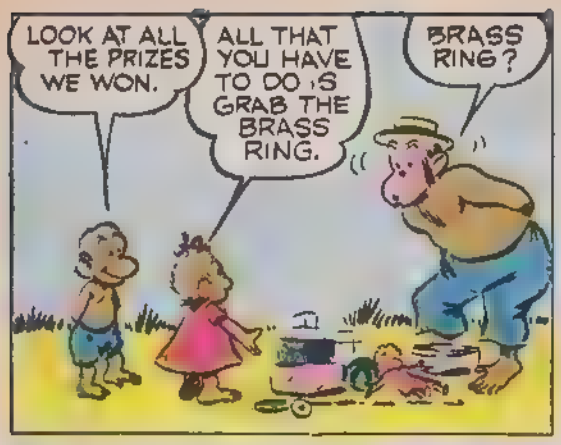

I'LL SAY BETWEEN FORTY-FIVE AND FIFTY.
THAT DID IT! I'M GETTING OUT OF THE WAY.

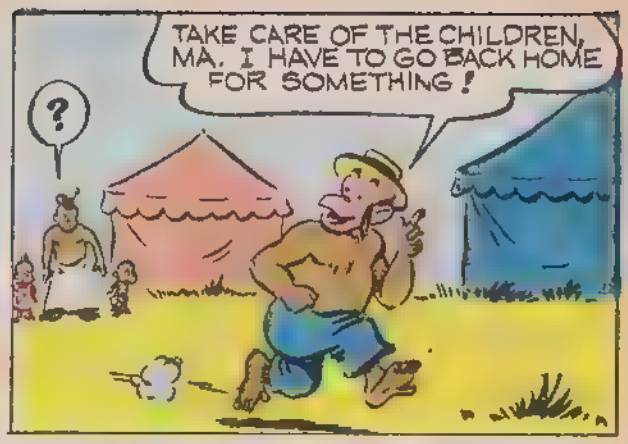

WHAT HAPPENED, POP. DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?
THAT'S THE TROUBLE YOU WERE RIGHT EVERY TIME. NEVER TELL THESE WOMEN THE TRUTH.

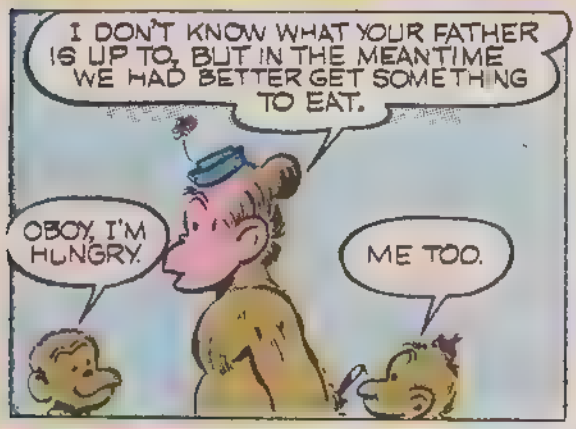

ER... DON'T YOU THINK YOU WERE A LITTLE HASTY WITH MR. BEAR?
I WASN'T HASTY ENOUGH. HE WAS VERY INSULTING.

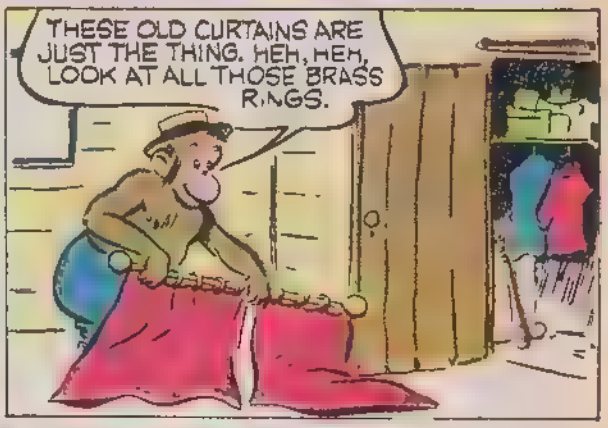

BY THE WAY! WONDER WHERE THE KIDS ARE.
HERE THEY COME NOW WITH THEIR ARMS FULL OF BUNDLES

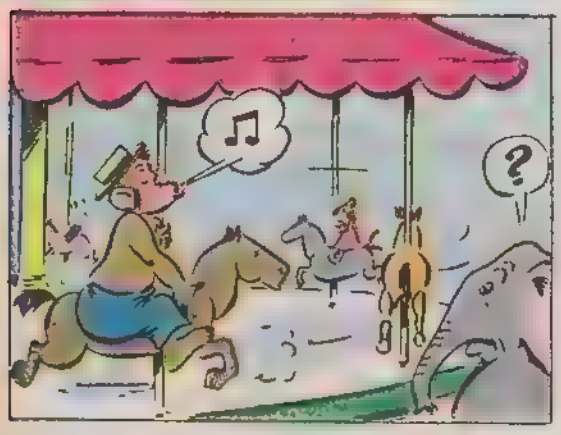

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! WHAT HAVE YOU KIDS BEEN UP TO?
WE WERE JUST RIDING THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

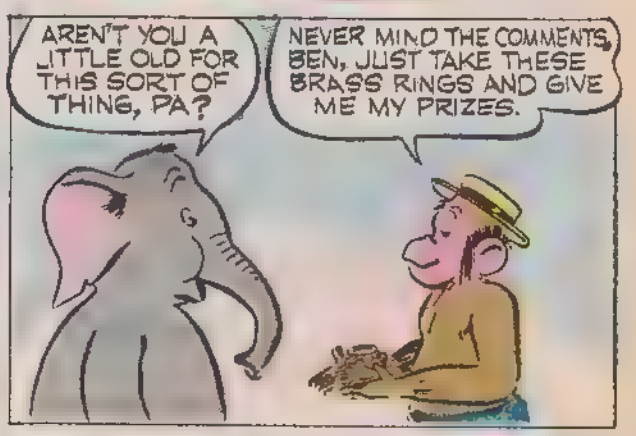

LOOK AT ALL THE PRIZES WE WON.
ALL THAT YOU HAVE TO DO IS GRAB THE BRASS RING.
BRASS RING?

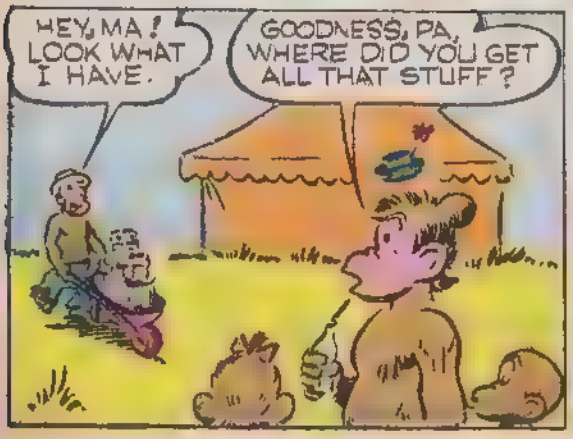

?
TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN, MA. I HAVE TO GO BACK HOME FOR SOMETHING!

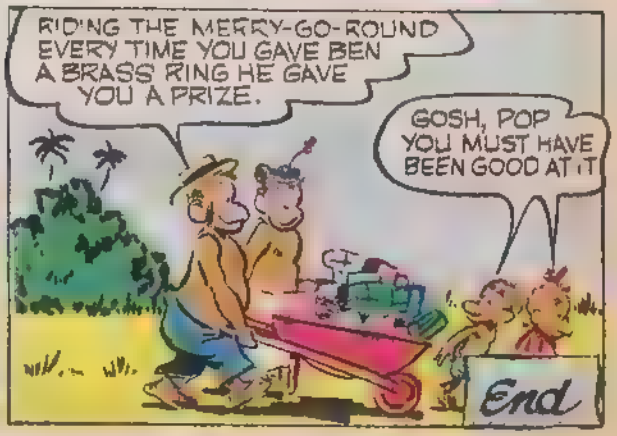

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR FATHER IS UP TO, BUT IN THE MEANTIME WE HAD BETTER GET SOMETHING TO EAT.
OBOY, I'M HUNGRY.
ME TOO.

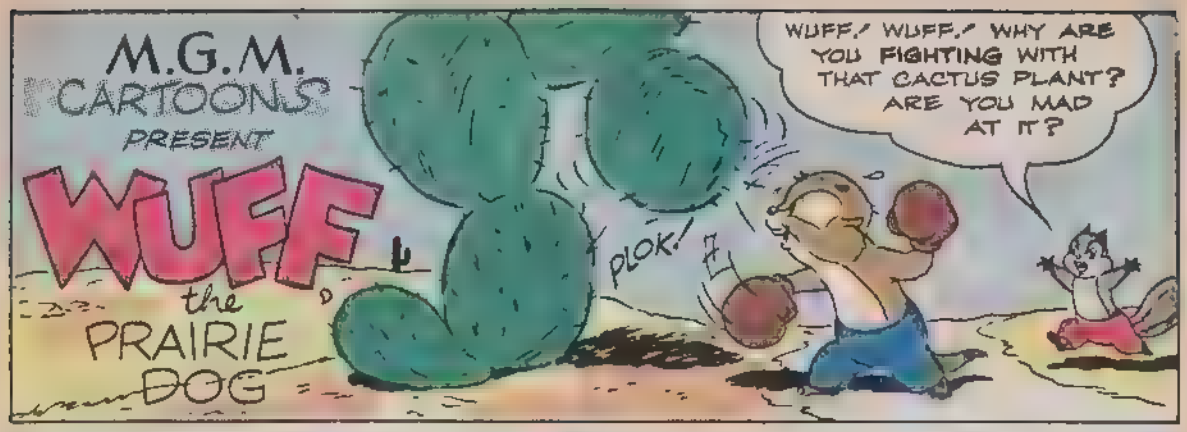

THESE OLD CURTAINS ARE JUST THE THING. HEH, HEH, LOOK AT ALL THOSE BRASS RINGS.

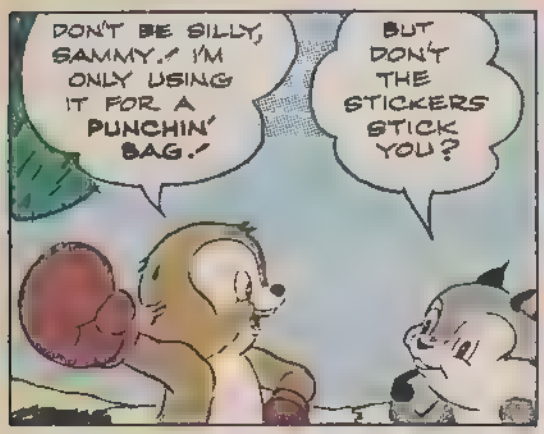

♫
?

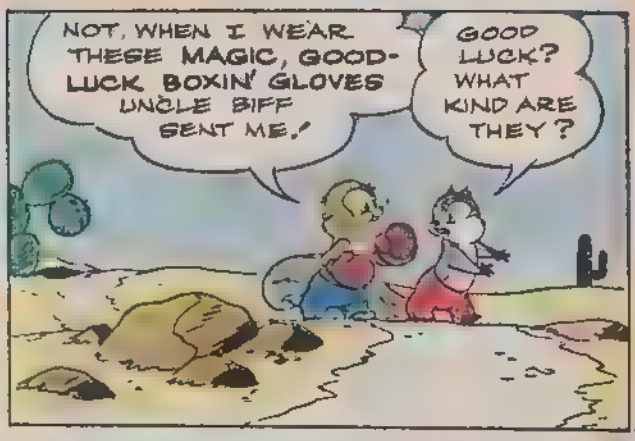

AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OLD FOR THIS SORT OF THING, PA?
NEVER MIND THE COMMENTS, BEN, JUST TAKE THESE BRASS RINGS AND GIVE ME MY PRIZES.

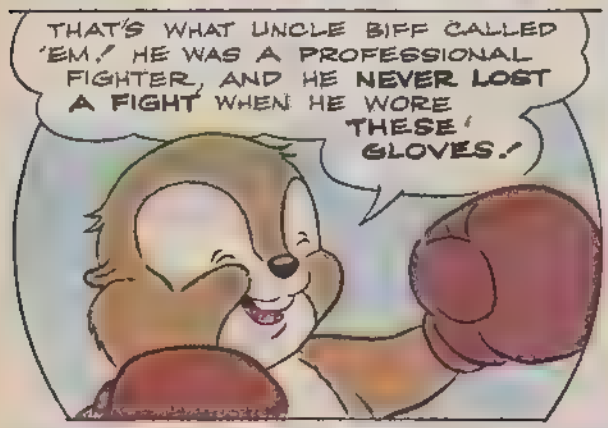

HEY, MA! LOOK WHAT I HAVE.
GOODNESS, PA, WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THAT STUFF?

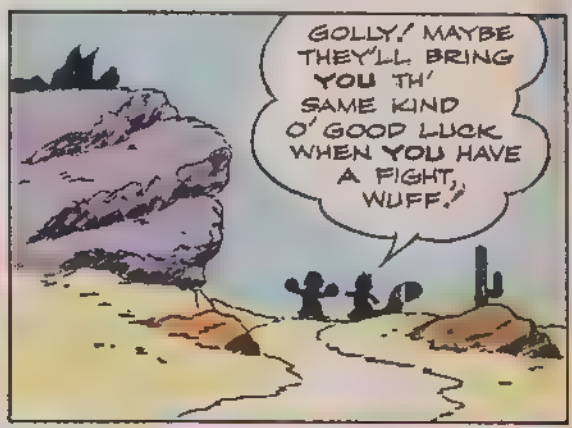

RIDING THE MERRY-GO-ROUND EVERY TIME YOU GAVE BEN A BRASS RING HE GAVE YOU A PRIZE.
GOSH, POP YOU MUST HAVE BEEN GOOD AT IT
End

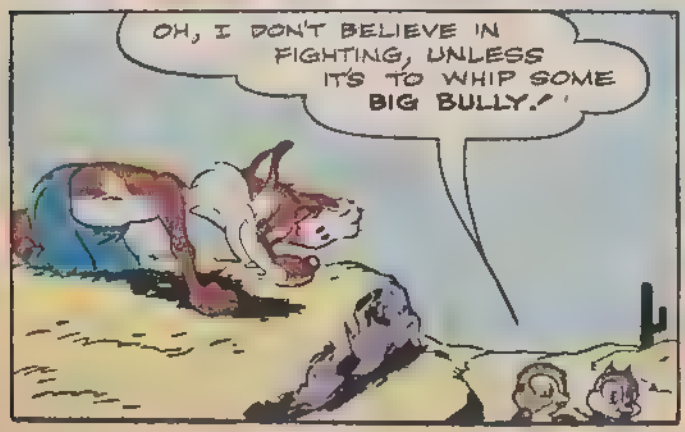

M.G.M. CARTOONS PRESENT
WUFF the PRAIRIE DOG
PLOK!
WUFF! WUFF! WHY ARE YOU FIGHTING WITH THAT CACTUS PLANT? ARE YOU MAD AT IT?

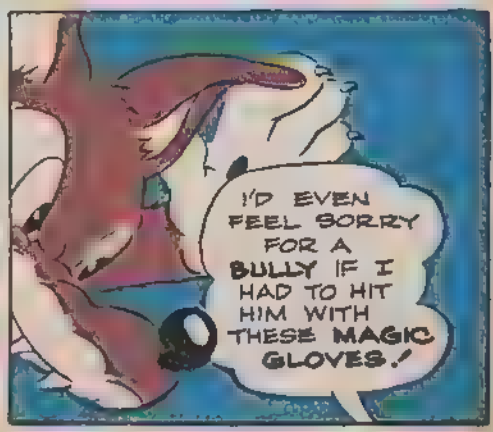

DON'T BE SILLY, SAMMY! I'M ONLY USING IT FOR A PUNCHIN' BAG!
BUT DON'T THE STICKERS STICK YOU?

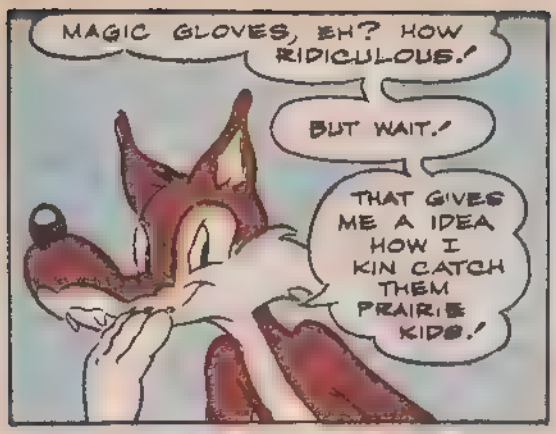

NOT, WHEN I WEAR THESE MAGIC, GOOD-LUCK BOXIN' GLOVES UNCLE BIFF SENT ME!
GOOD LUCK? WHAT KIND ARE THEY?


THAT'S WHAT UNCLE BIFF CALLED 'EM! HE WAS A PROFESSIONAL FIGHTER, AND HE NEVER LOST A FIGHT WHEN HE WORE THESE GLOVES!


GOLLY! MAYBE THEY'LL BRING YOU TH' SAME KIND O' GOOD LUCK WHEN YOU HAVE A FIGHT, WUFF!

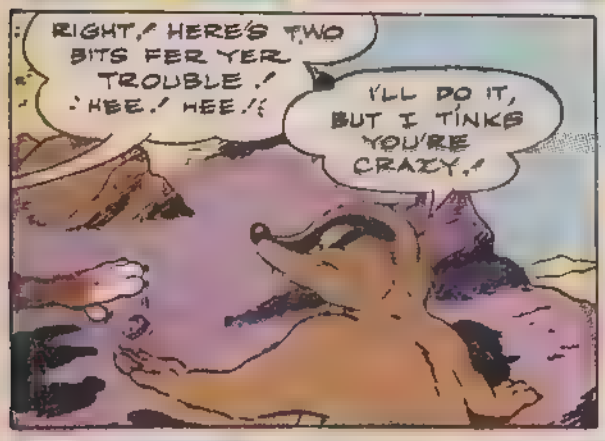

OH, I DON'T BELIEVE IN FIGHTING, UNLESS IT'S TO WHIP SOME BIG BULLY!

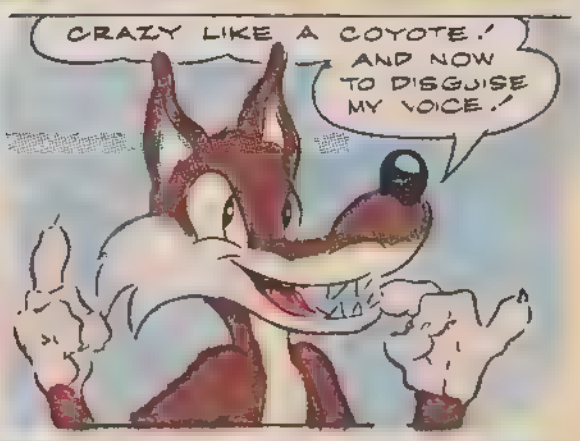

I'D EVEN FEEL SORRY FOR A BULLY IF I HAD TO HIT HIM WITH THESE MAGIC GLOVES!

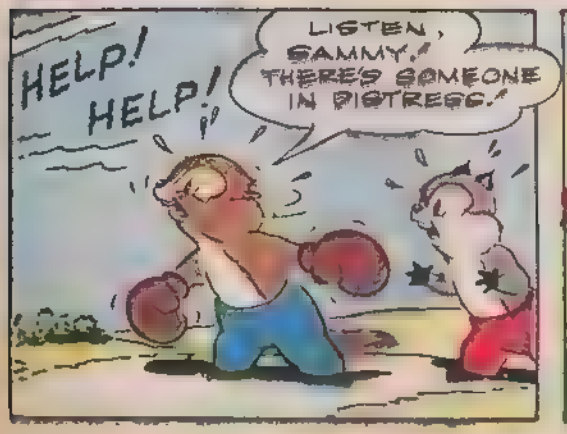

MAGIC GLOVES, EH? HOW RIDICULOUS!
BUT WAIT!
THAT GIVES ME A IDEA HOW I KIN CATCH THEM PRAIRIE KIDS!

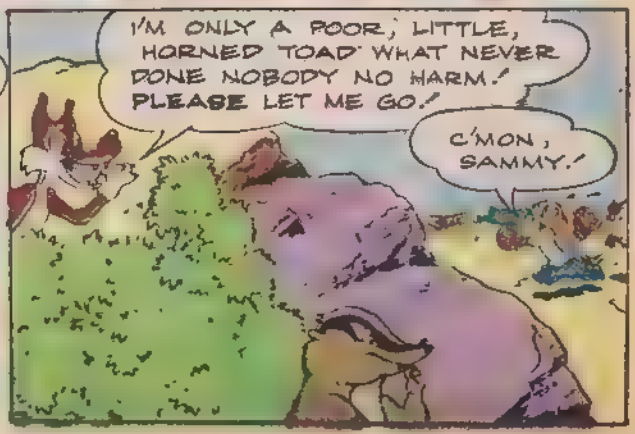
AN' IF ALL GOES WELL, THEY'LL BE STEWIN' FER MY DINNER AFORE NIGHTFALL!

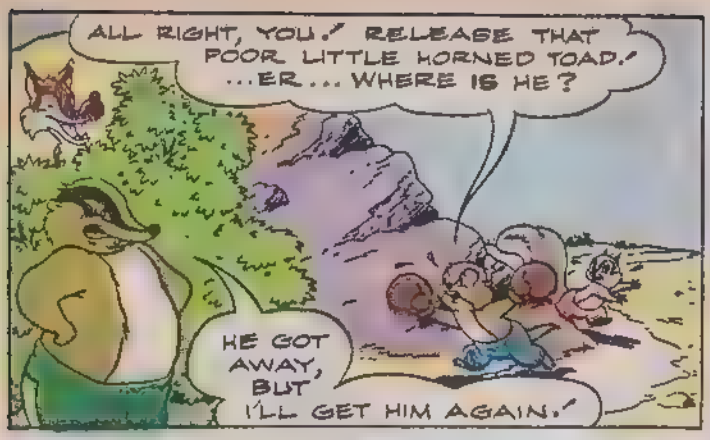
LATER...
HERE THEY COME! ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, BUTCH?
SURE! I LET'S DA KID TAKE A POKE AT ME AND I FLOPS! RIGHT?


RIGHT! HERE'S TWO BITS FER YER TROUBLE! HEE! HEE!
I'LL DO IT, BUT I TINKS YOU'RE CRAZY!

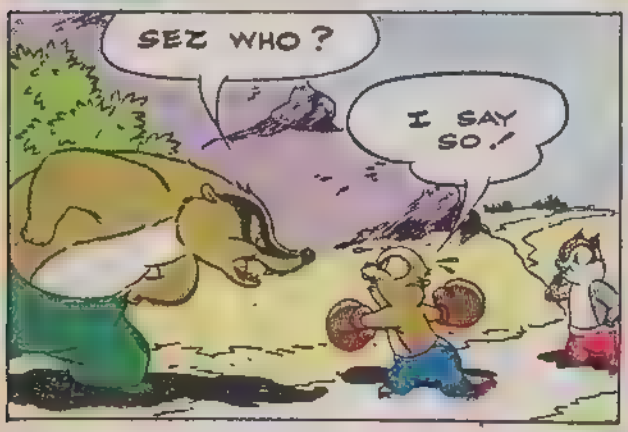

CRAZY LIKE A COYOTE! AND NOW TO DISGUISE MY VOICE!

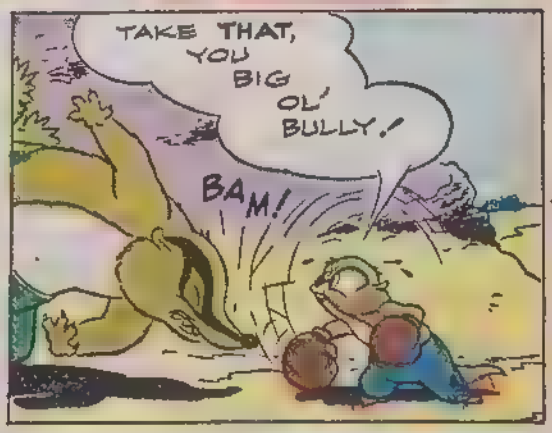

HELP! HELP!
LISTEN, SAMMY! THERE'S SOMEONE IN DISTRESS!

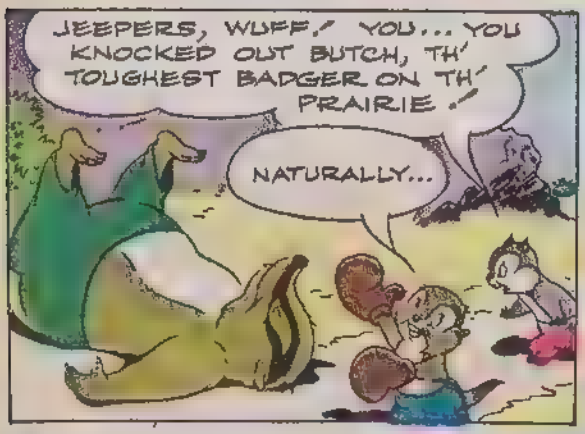

I'M ONLY A POOR, LITTLE, HORNED TOAD WHAT NEVER DONE NOBODY NO HARM! PLEASE LET ME GO!
C'MON, SAMMY!

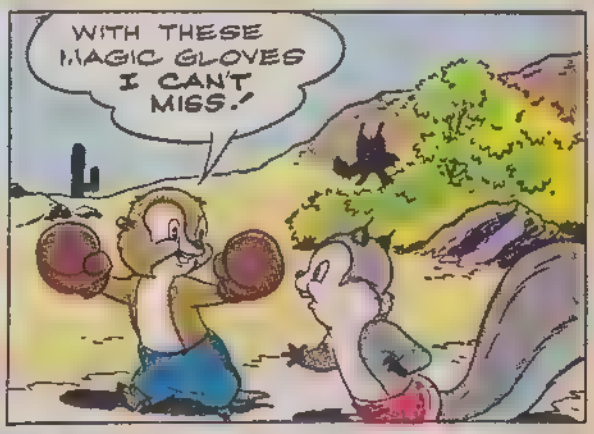

ALL RIGHT, YOU.! RELEASE THAT POOR LITTLE HORNED TOAD.! ...ER... WHERE IS HE?
HE GOT AWAY, BUT I'LL GET HIM AGAIN.!

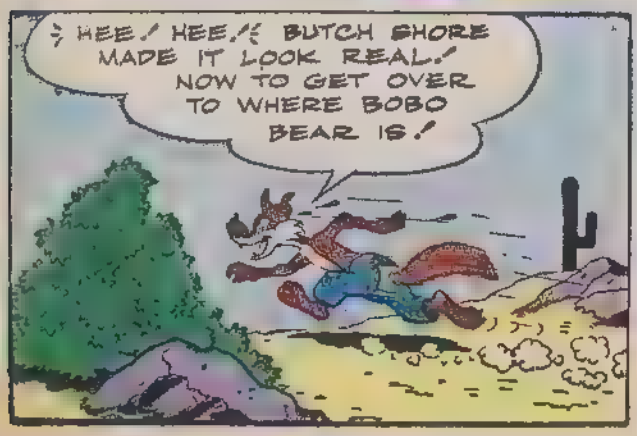
OH, NO YOU WON'T.!.!

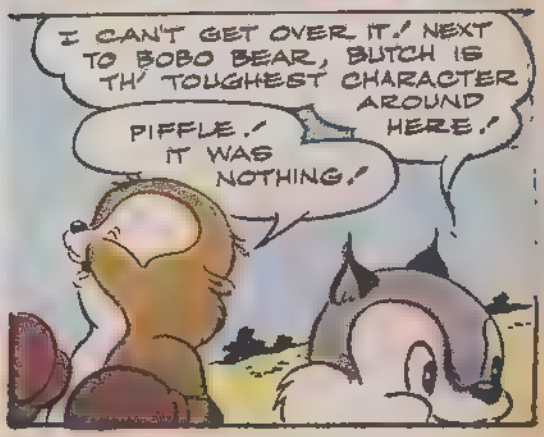

SEZ WHO?
I SAY SO.!

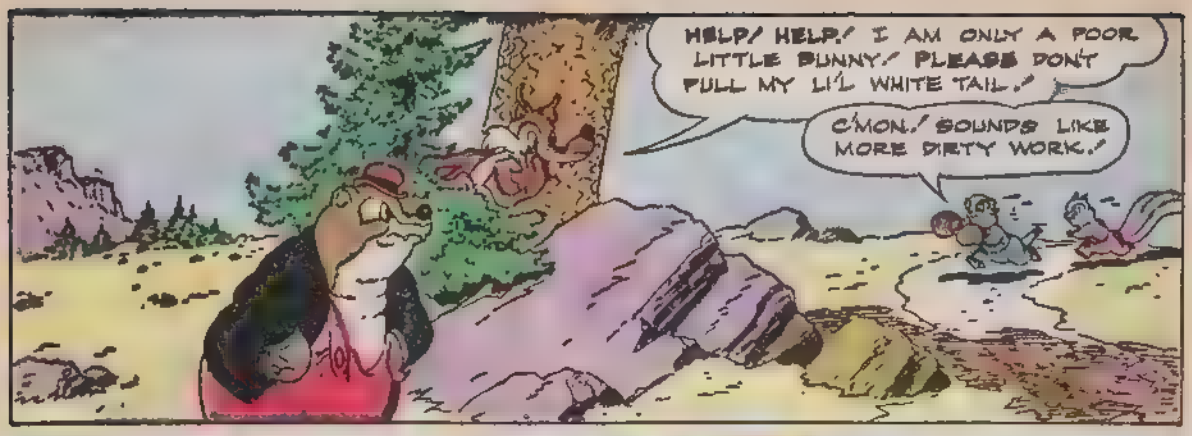

TAKE THAT, YOU BIG OL' BULLY.!
BAM!


JEEPERS, WUFF.! YOU... YOU KNOCKED OUT BUTCH, TH' TOUGHEST BADGER ON TH' PRAIRIE.!
NATURALLY...

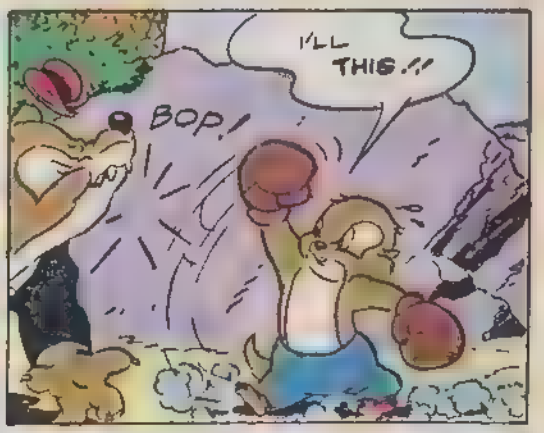

WITH THESE MAGIC GLOVES I CAN'T MISS.!

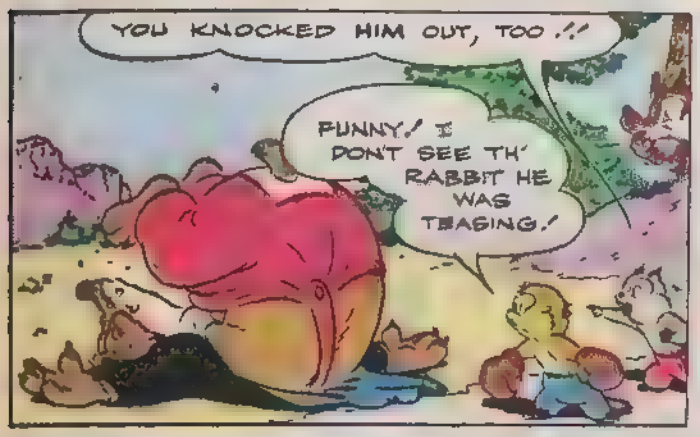

HEE.! HEE.!: BUTCH SHORE MADE IT LOOK REAL.! NOW TO GET OVER TO WHERE BOBO BEAR IS.!

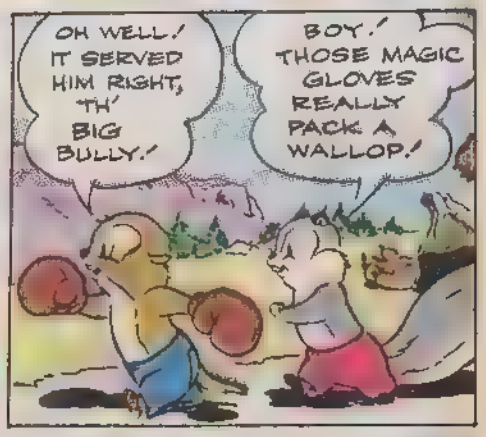

I CAN'T GET OVER IT.! NEXT TO BOBO BEAR, BUTCH IS TH' TOUGHEST CHARACTER AROUND HERE.!
PIFFLE.! IT WAS NOTHING.!

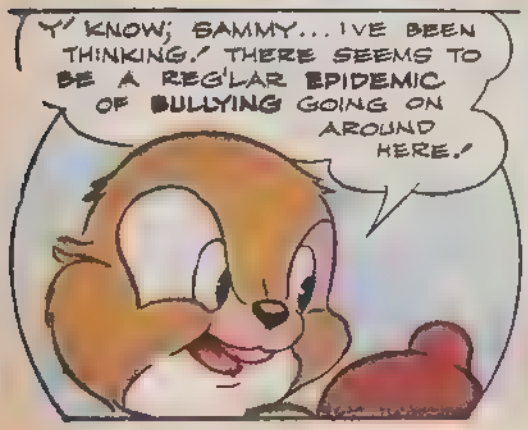

HELP! HELP! I AM ONLY A POOR LITTLE BUNNY! PLEASE DON'T PULL MY LI'L WHITE TAIL!
C'MON! SOUNDS LIKE MORE DIRTY WORK!

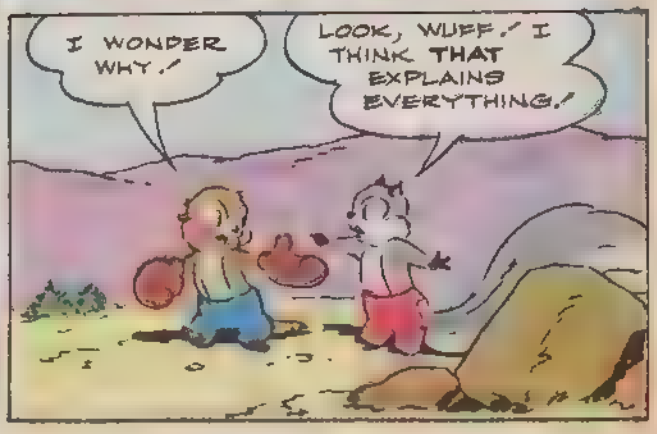
BOBO BEAR! RELEASE THAT POOR BUNNY, OR I'LL...
YOU'LL WHAT?

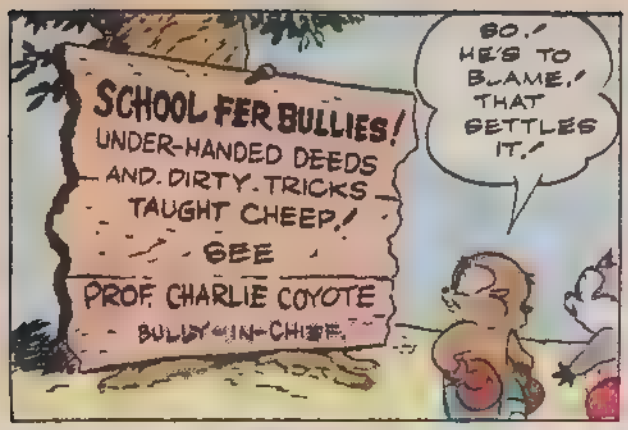

I'LL THIS!!!
BOP!

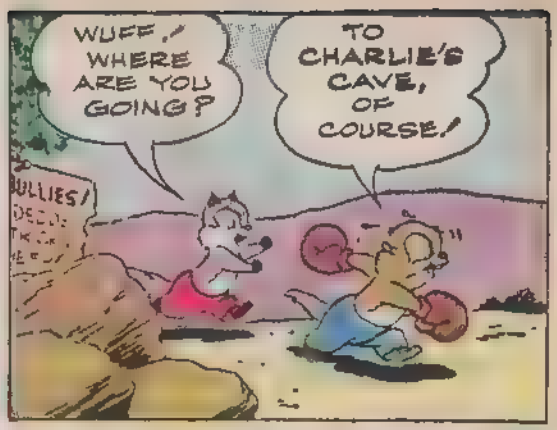

YOU KNOCKED HIM OUT, TOO!!!
FUNNY! I DON'T SEE TH' RABBIT HE WAS TEASING!

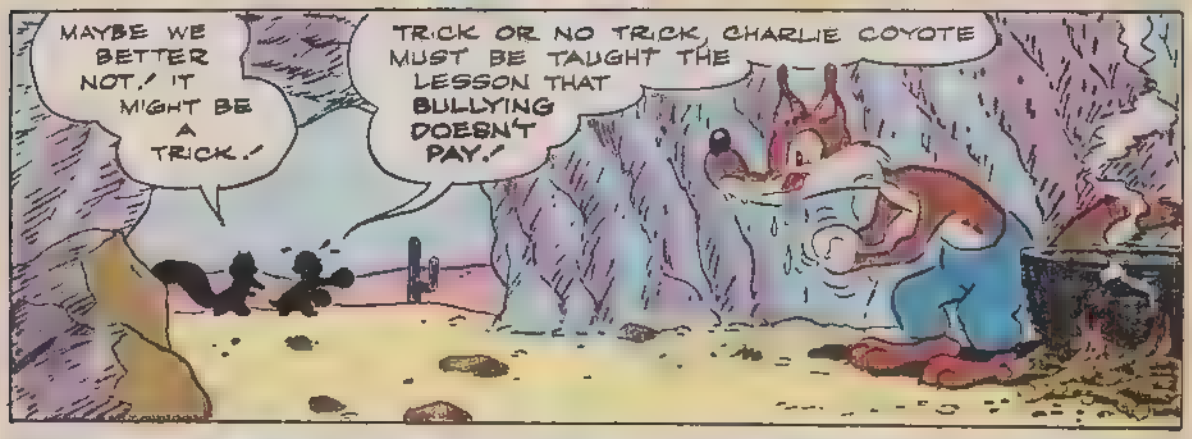

OH WELL! IT SERVED HIM RIGHT, TH' BIG BULLY!
BOY! THOSE MAGIC GLOVES REALLY PACK A WALLOP!

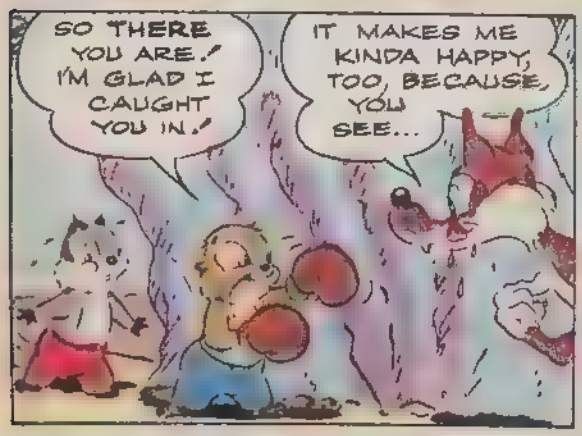

Y' KNOW, SAMMY... I'VE BEEN THINKING! THERE SEEMS TO BE A REG'LAR EPIDEMIC OF BULLYING GOING ON AROUND HERE!

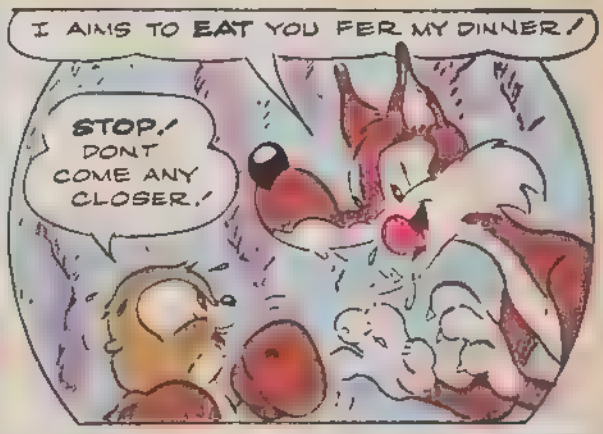

I WONDER WHY!
LOOK, WUFF! I THINK THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!

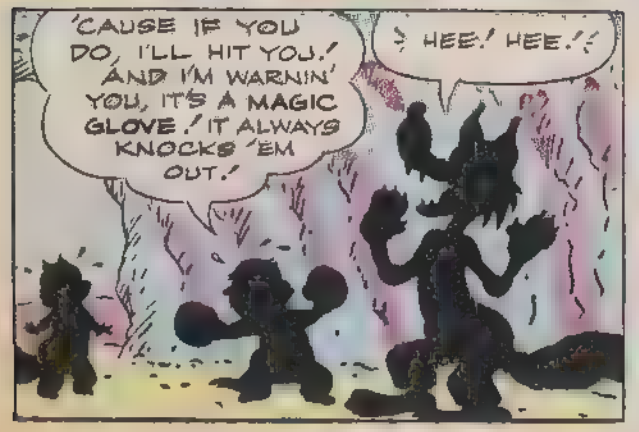

SCHOOL FER BULLIES!
UNDER-HANDED DEEDS AND DIRTY TRICKS TAUGHT CHEEP!
SEE
PROF. CHARLIE COYOTE
BULLY-IN-CHIEF.
SO.! HE'S TO BLAME.! THAT SETTLES IT.!

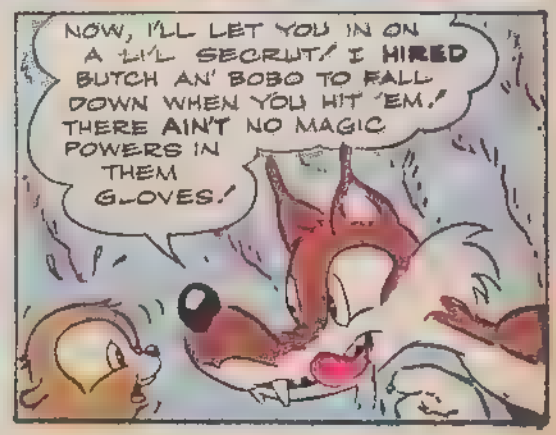

WUFF.! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO CHARLIE'S CAVE, OF COURSE.!

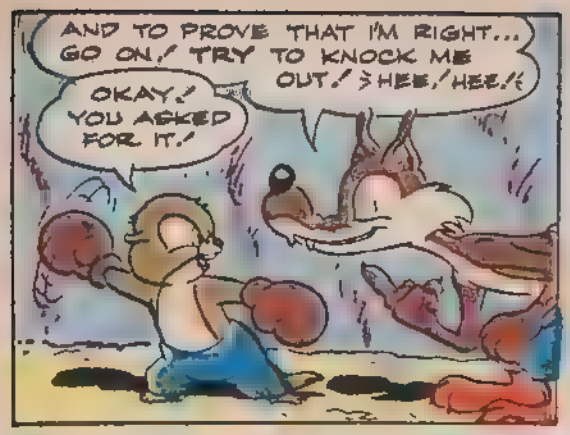

MAYBE WE BETTER NOT.! IT MIGHT BE A TRICK.!
TRICK OR NO TRICK, CHARLIE COYOTE MUST BE TAUGHT THE LESSON THAT BULLYING DOESN'T PAY.!

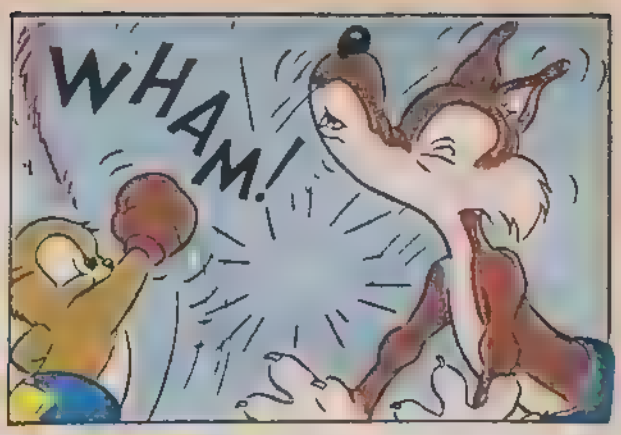

SO THERE YOU ARE.! I'M GLAD I CAUGHT YOU IN.!
IT MAKES ME KINDA HAPPY, TOO, BECAUSE, YOU SEE...

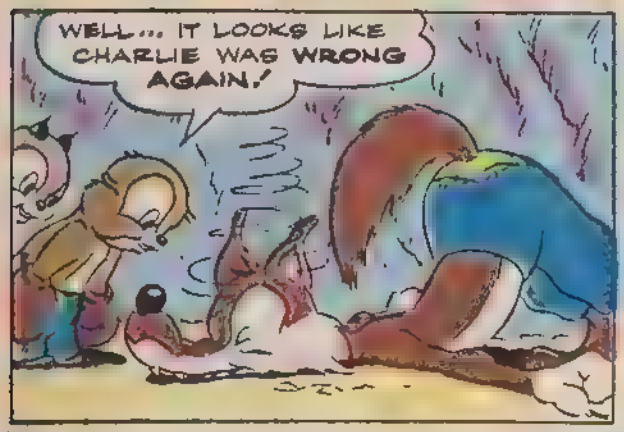

I AIMS TO EAT YOU FER MY DINNER!
STOP.! DONT COME ANY CLOSER.!

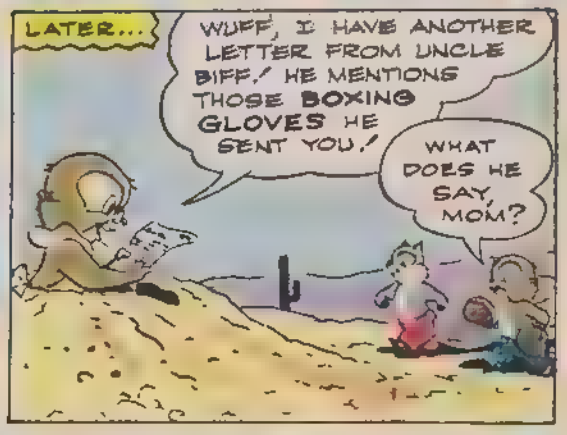

'CAUSE IF YOU DO, I'LL HIT YOU.! AND I'M WARNIN' YOU, IT'S A MAGIC GLOVE.! IT ALWAYS KNOCKS 'EM OUT.!
HEE.! HEE.!

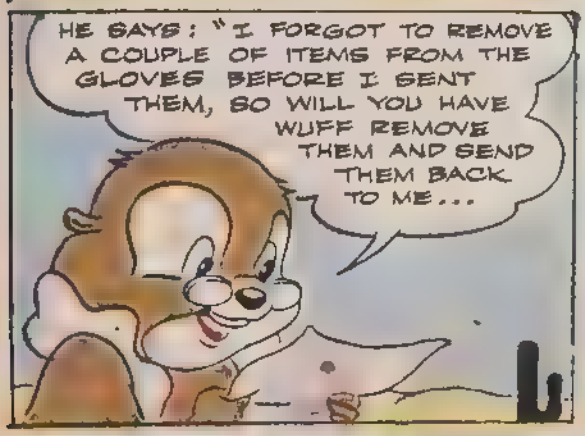

NOW, I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LI'L SECRUT.! I HIRED BUTCH AN' BOBO TO FALL DOWN WHEN YOU HIT 'EM.! THERE AIN'T NO MAGIC POWERS IN THEM GLOVES.!

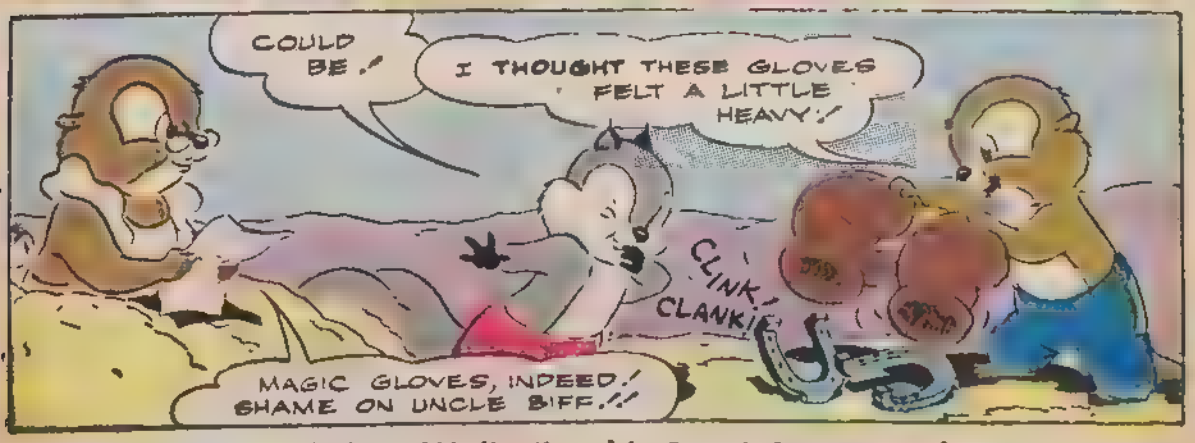












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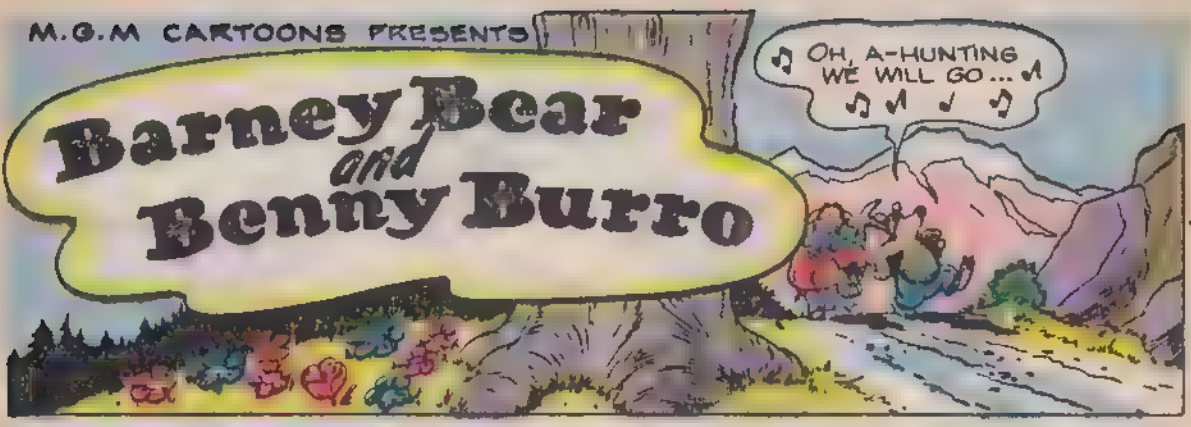
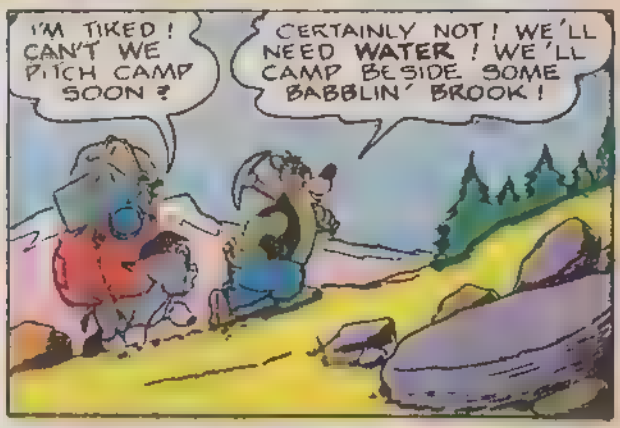
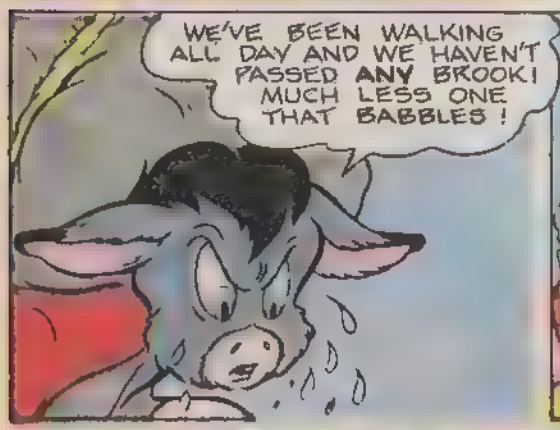
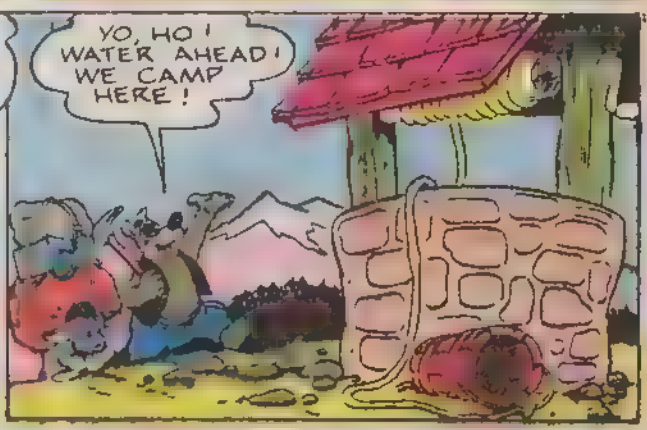
M.G.M CARTOONS PRESENTS

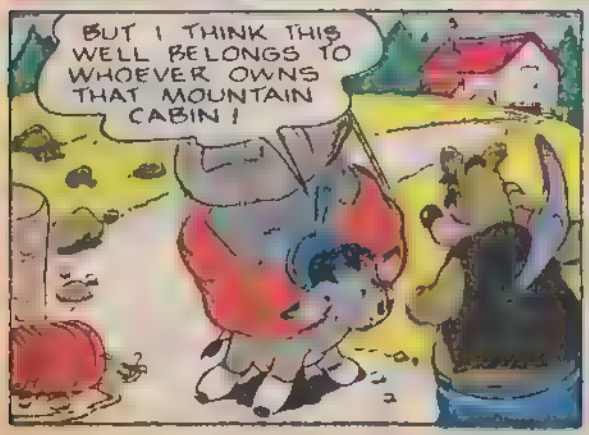
Barney Bear and Benny Burro

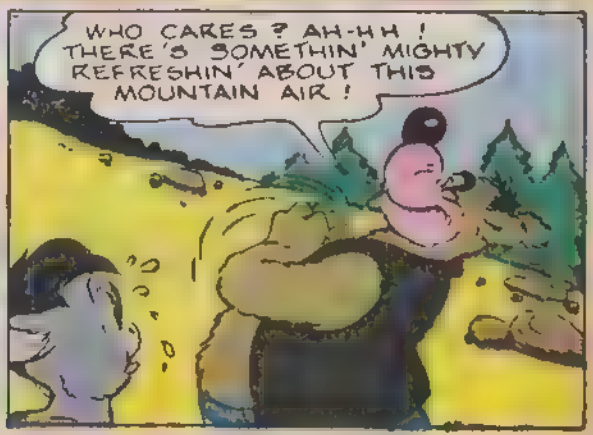


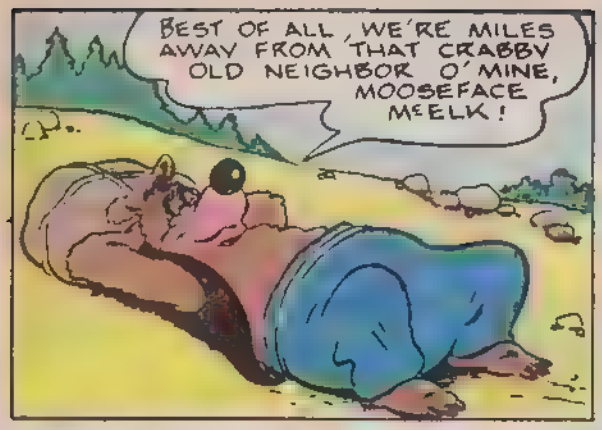


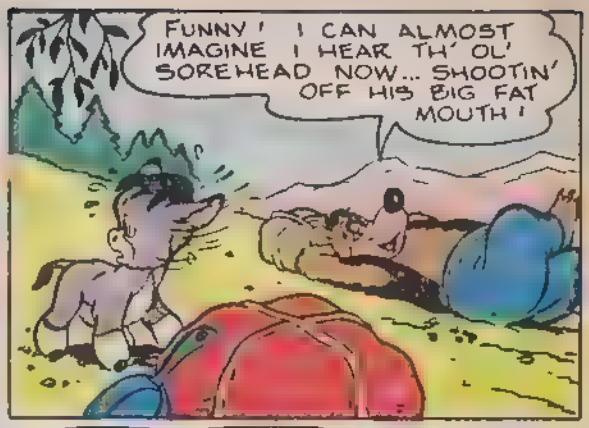


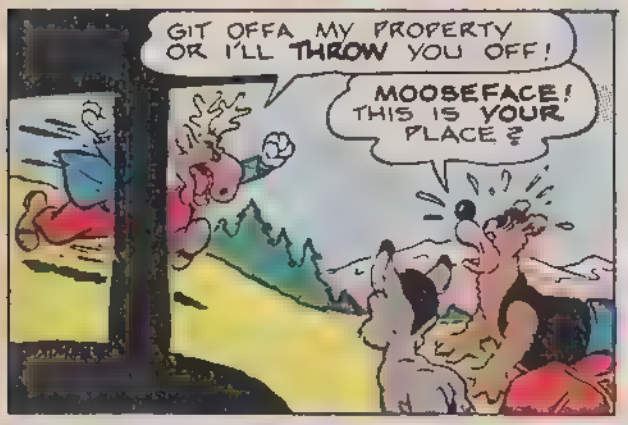


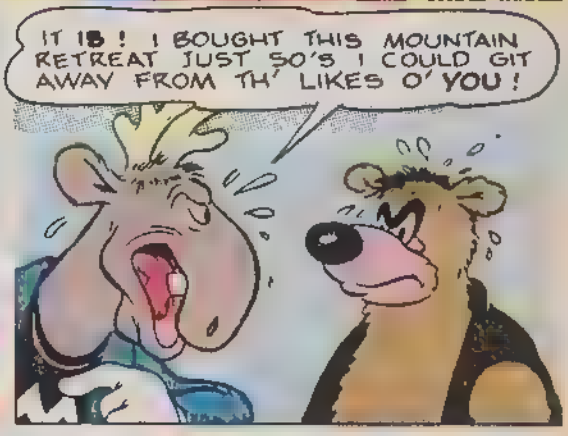




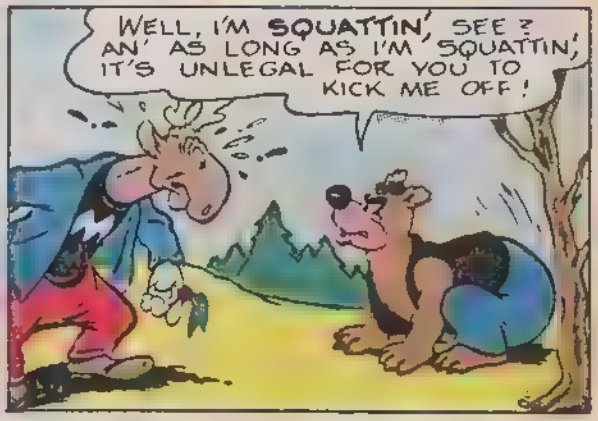

BEST OF ALL, WE'RE MILES AWAY FROM THAT CRABBY OLD NEIGHBOR O' MINE, MOOSEFACE McELK!

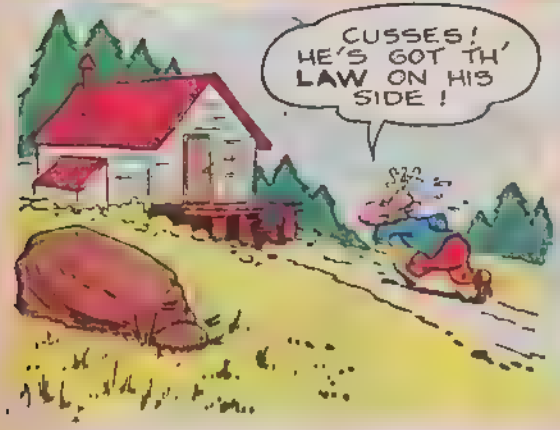

FUNNY! I CAN ALMOST IMAGINE I HEAR TH' OL' SOREHEAD NOW... SHOOTIN' OFF HIS BIG FAT MOUTH!

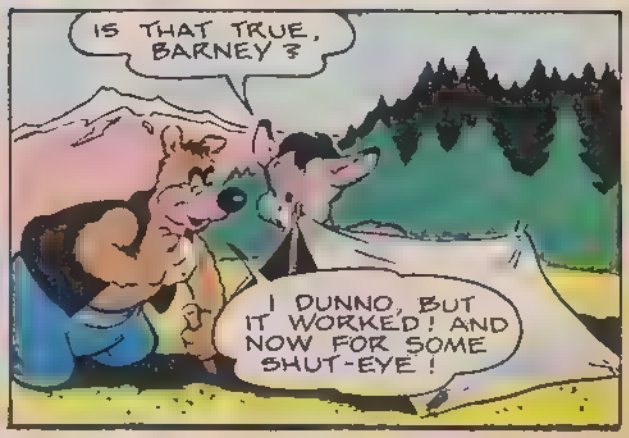

GIT OFFA MY PROPERTY OR I'LL THROW YOU OFF!
MOOSEFACE! THIS IS YOUR PLACE?

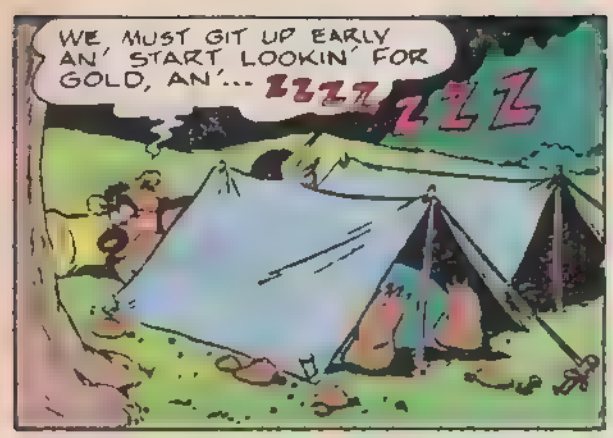

IT IS! I BOUGHT THIS MOUNTAIN RETREAT JUST SO'S I COULD GIT AWAY FROM TH' LIKES O' YOU!

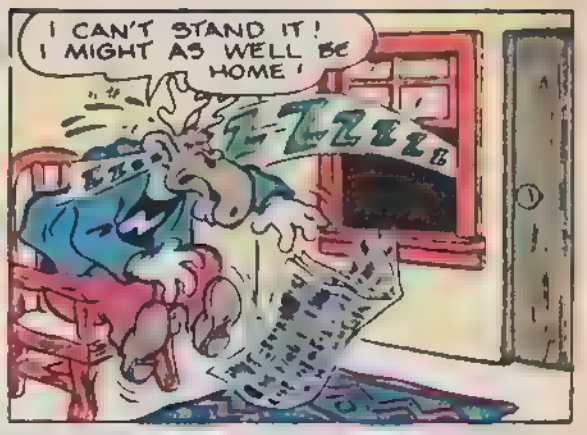
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE MINUTES TO GIT OFF MY LAND! SCRAM!
I WILL NOT! AIN'T YOU HEARD OF SQUATTER'S RIGHTS?

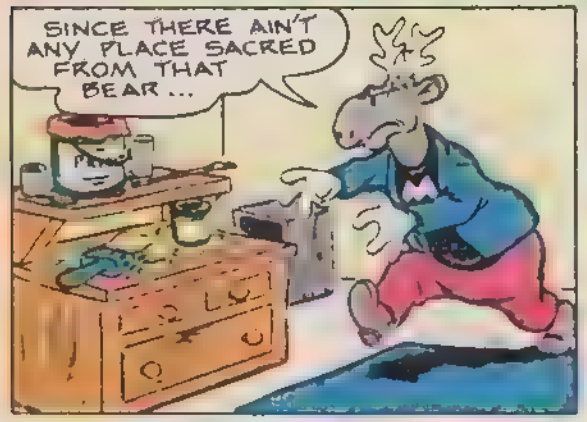

WELL, I'M SQUATTIN', SEE? AN' AS LONG AS I'M SQUATTIN', IT'S UNLEGAL FOR YOU TO KICK ME OFF!


CUSSES! HE'S GOT TH' LAW ON HIS SIDE!

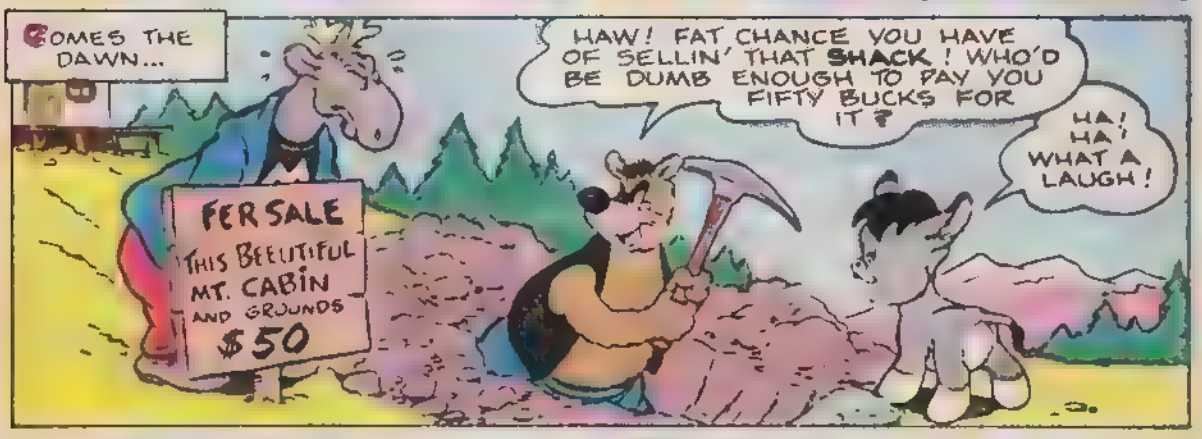

IS THAT TRUE, BARNEY?
I DUNNO, BUT IT WORKED! AND NOW FOR SOME SHUT-EYE!

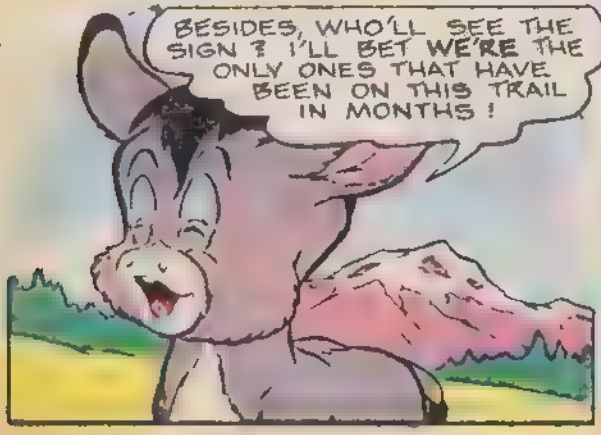

WE MUST GIT UP EARLY AN' START LOOKIN' FOR GOLD, AN'... ZZZZ ZZZ

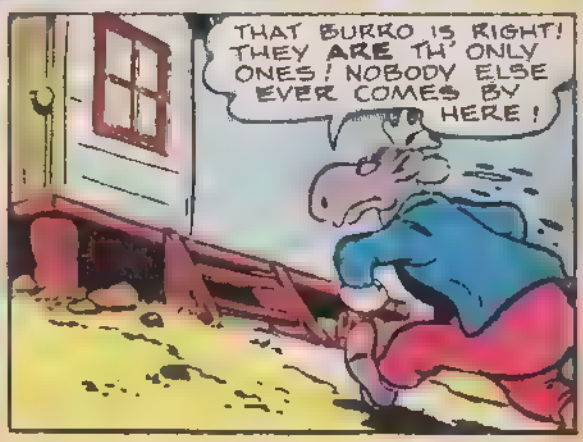

I CAN'T STAND IT! I MIGHT AS WELL BE HOME!
ZZZZ

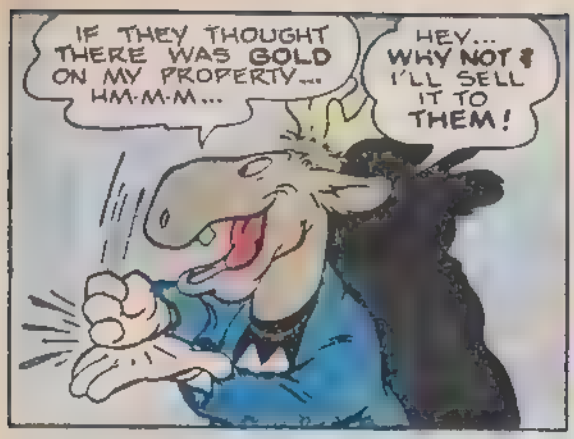

SINCE THERE AIN'T ANY PLACE SACRED FROM THAT BEAR...

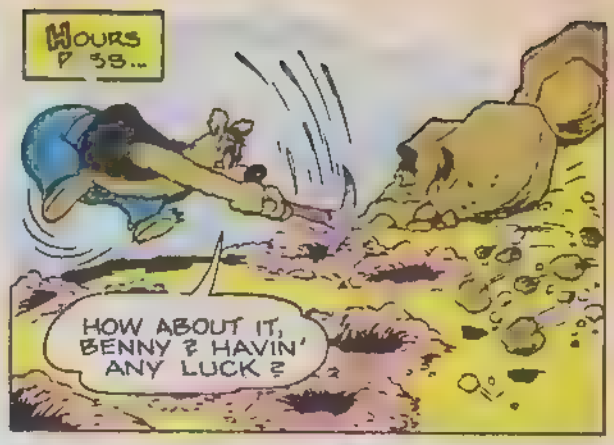
THIS IS TH' ONLY THING TO DO...
FER SALE

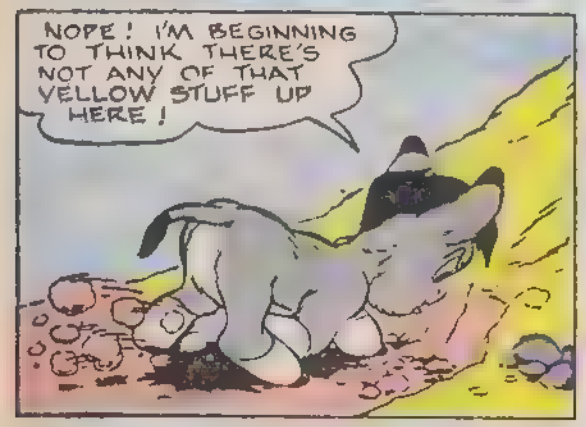

COMES THE DAWN...
HAW! FAT CHANCE YOU HAVE OF SELLIN' THAT SHACK! WHO'D BE DUMB ENOUGH TO PAY YOU FIFTY BUCKS FOR IT?
HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH!
FER SALE
THIS BEEUTIFUL MT. CABIN AND GROUNDS
$50

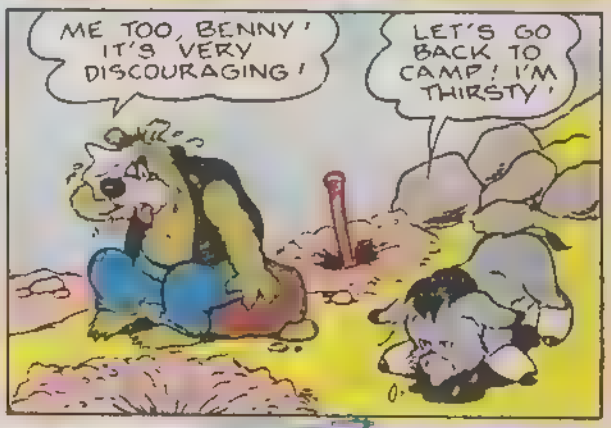

BESIDES, WHO'LL SEE THE SIGN? I'LL BET WE'RE THE ONLY ONES THAT HAVE BEEN ON THIS TRAIL IN MONTHS!

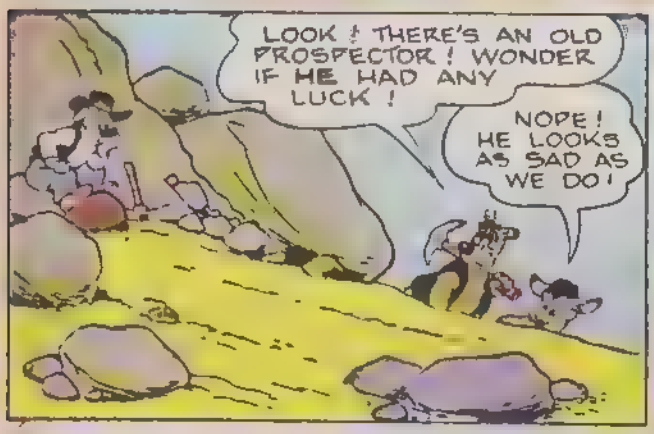

THAT BURRO IS RIGHT! THEY ARE TH' ONLY ONES! NOBODY ELSE EVER COMES BY HERE!


IF THEY THOUGHT THERE WAS GOLD ON MY PROPERTY... HM-M-M...
HEY... WHY NOT? I'LL SELL IT TO THEM!

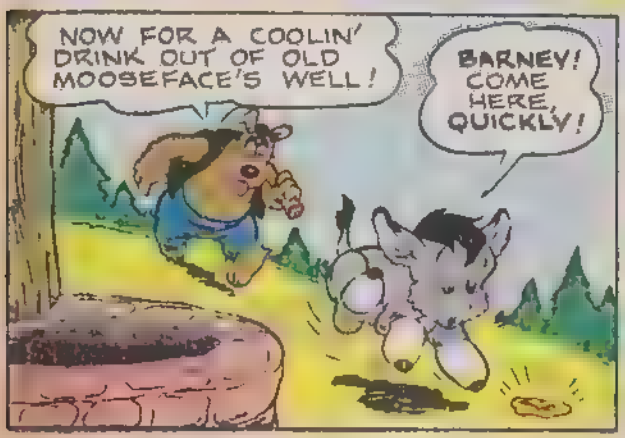

HOURS P 38...
HOW ABOUT IT, BENNY? HAVIN' ANY LUCK?

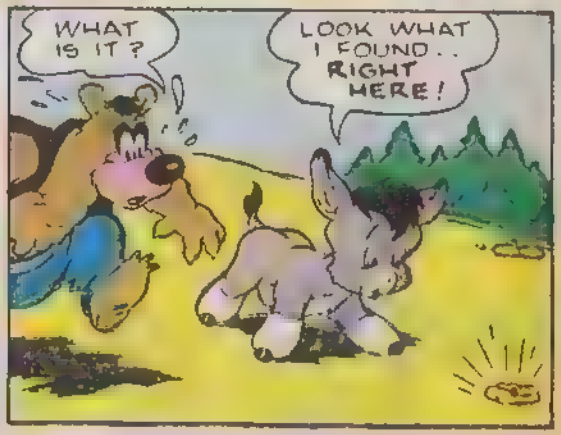

NOPE! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THERE'S NOT ANY OF THAT YELLOW STUFF UP HERE!

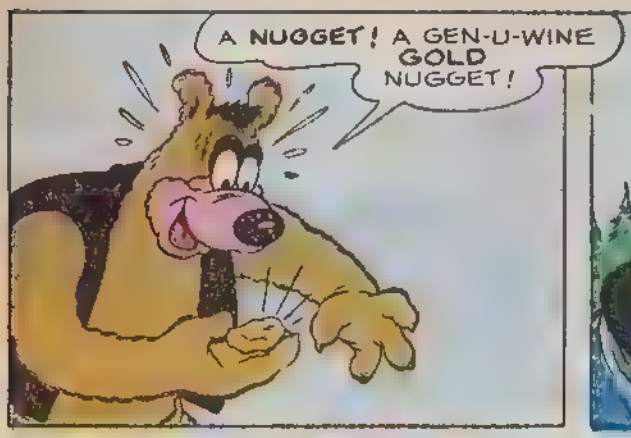

ME TOO, BENNY! IT'S VERY DISCOURAGING!
LET'S GO BACK TO CAMP! I'M THIRSTY!

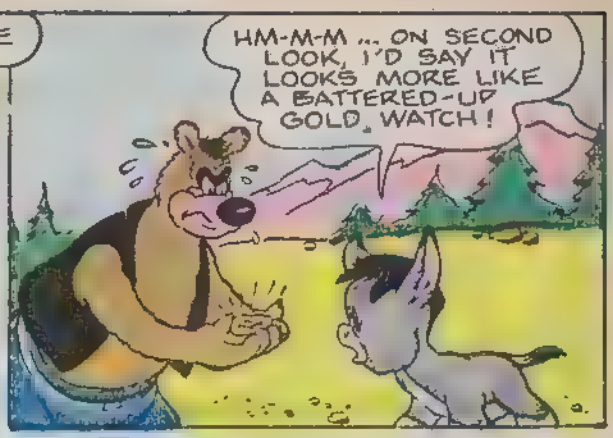

LOOK! THERE'S AN OLD PROSPECTOR! WONDER IF HE HAD ANY LUCK!
NOPE! HE LOOKS AS SAD AS WE DO!

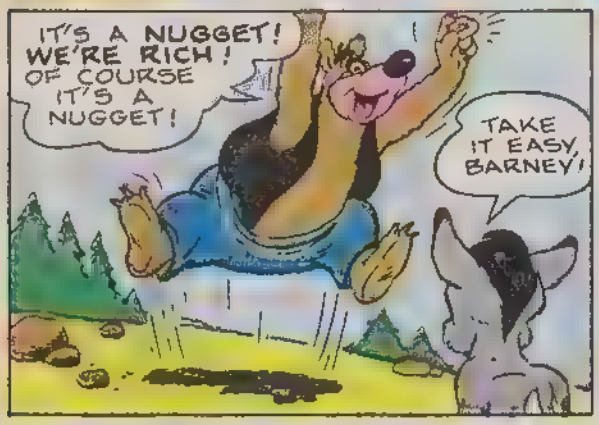
GUESS WE AIN'T SUCH GOOD GOLD FINDERS, AFTER ALL!

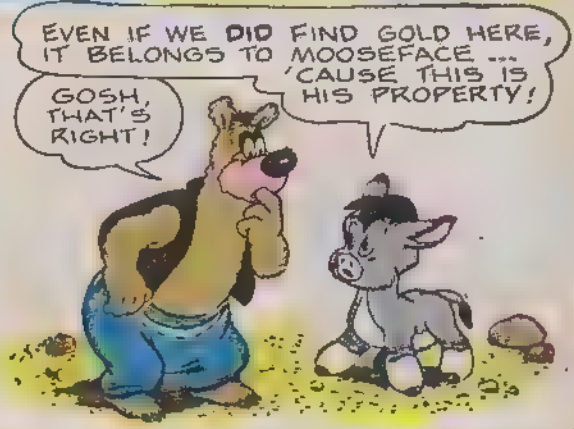

NOW FOR A COOLIN' DRINK OUT OF OLD MOOSEFACE'S WELL!
BARNEY! COME HERE, QUICKLY!

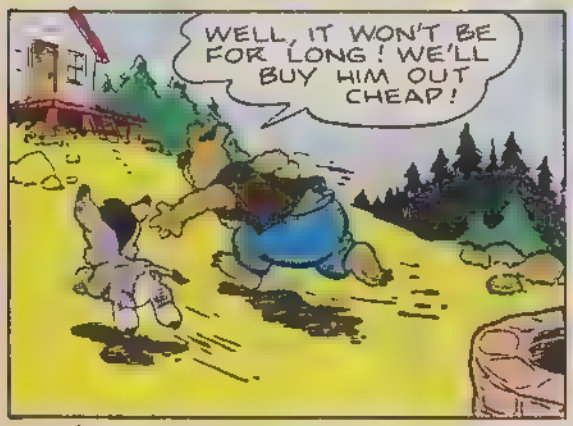

WHAT IS IT?
LOOK WHAT I FOUND.. RIGHT HERE!

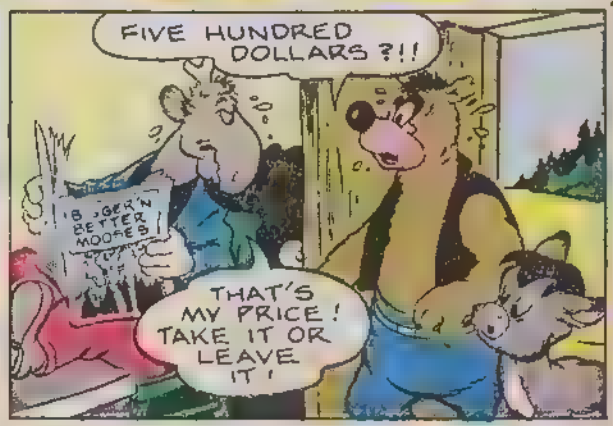

A NUGGET! A GEN-U-WINE GOLD NUGGET!

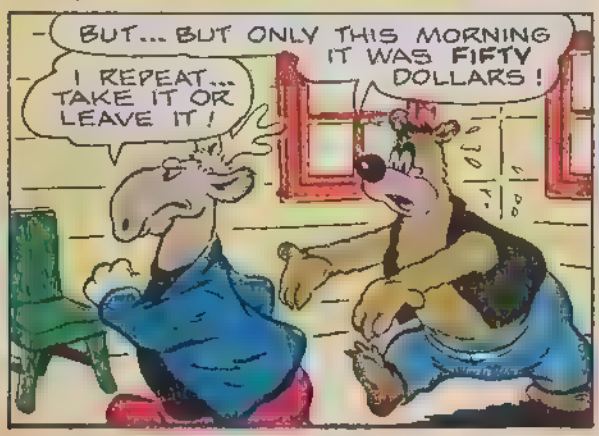

HM-M-M ... ON SECOND LOOK, I'D SAY IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A BATTERED-UP GOLD WATCH!

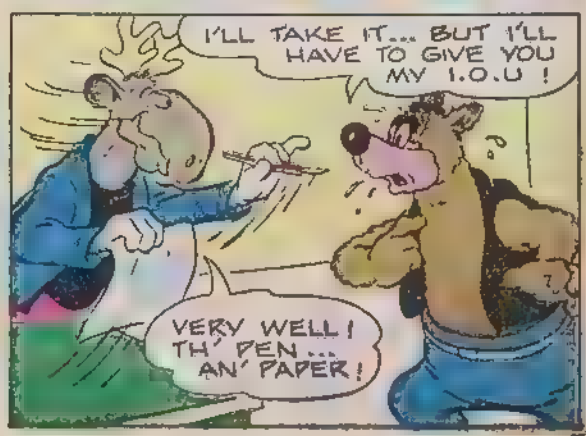

IT'S A NUGGET! WE'RE RICH! OF COURSE IT'S A NUGGET!
TAKE IT EASY, BARNEY!

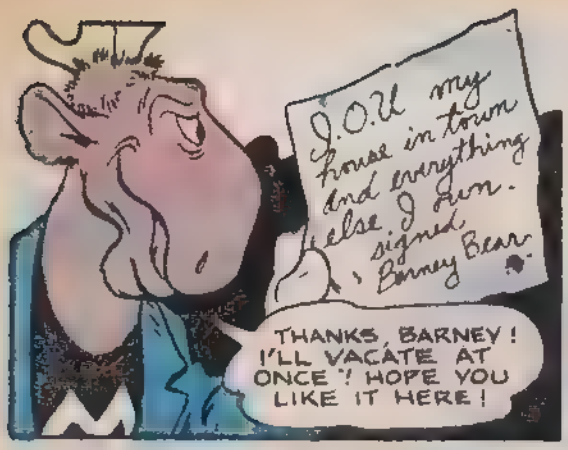

EVEN IF WE DID FIND GOLD HERE, IT BELONGS TO MOOSEFACE ... 'CAUSE THIS IS HIS PROPERTY!
GOSH, THAT'S RIGHT!

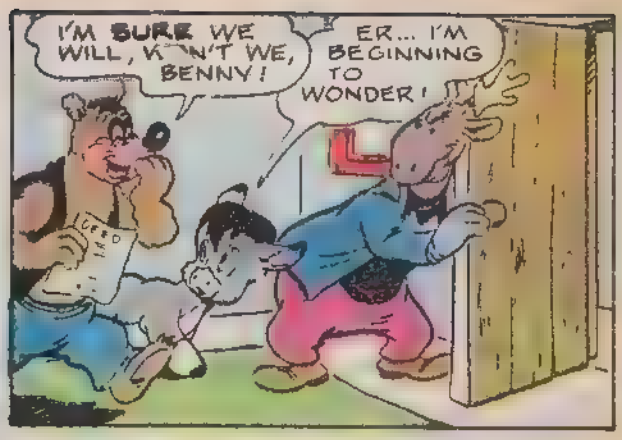

WELL, IT WON'T BE FOR LONG! WE'LL BUY HIM OUT CHEAP!

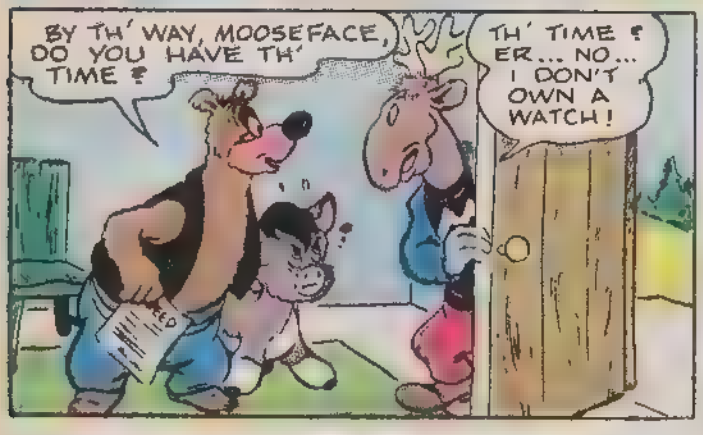

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS?!!
THAT'S MY PRICE! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

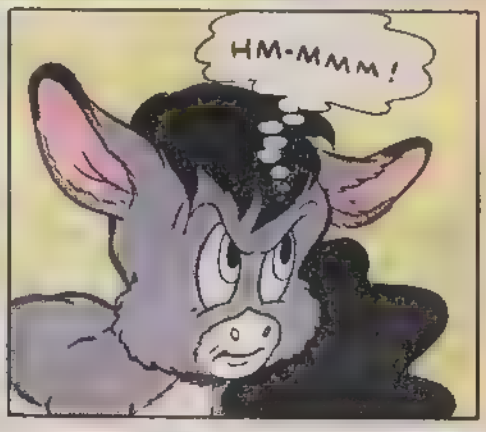

BUT... BUT ONLY THIS MORNING IT WAS FIFTY DOLLARS!
I REPEAT... TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

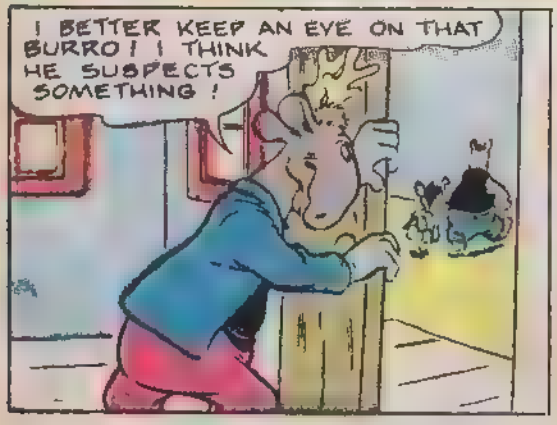

I'LL TAKE IT... BUT I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU MY I.O.U!
VERY WELL! TH' PEN... AN' PAPER!

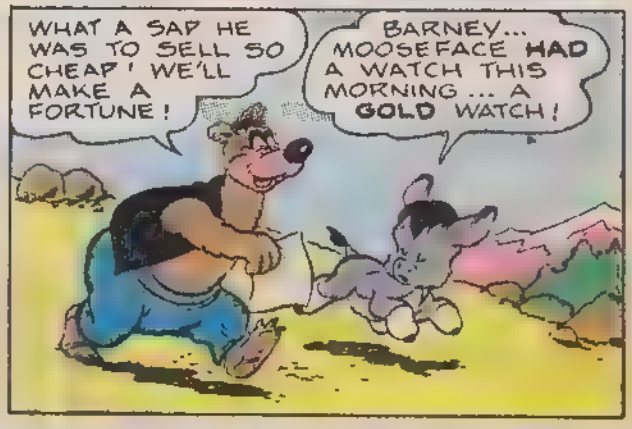

I.O.U my house in town and everything else I own. signed, Barney Bear
THANKS, BARNEY! I'LL VACATE AT ONCE! HOPE YOU LIKE IT HERE!

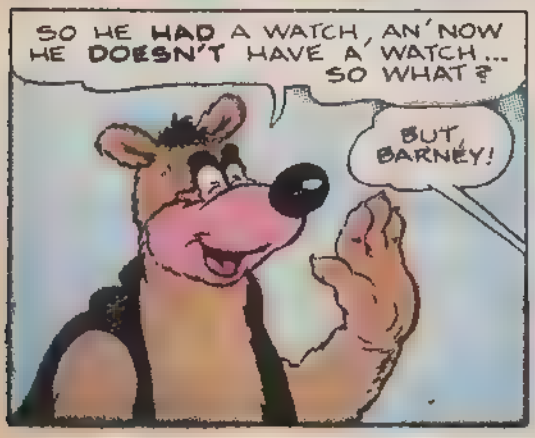

I'M SURE WE WILL, K N'T WE, BENNY!
ER... I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER!

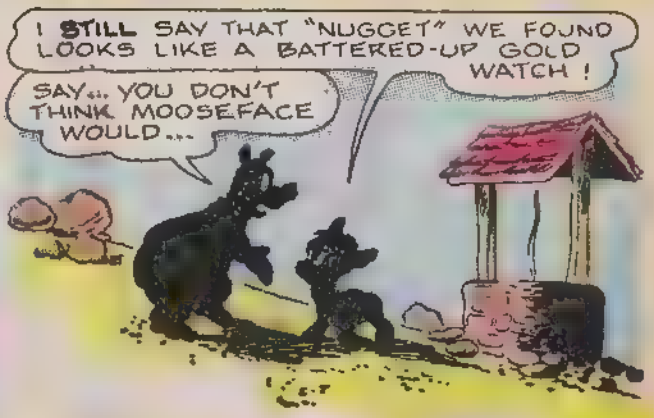

BY TH' WAY, MOOSEFACE, DO YOU HAVE TH' TIME?
TH' TIME? ER... NO... I DON'T OWN A WATCH!

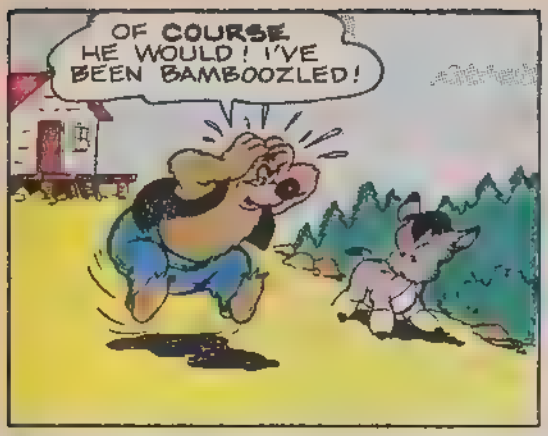

HM-MMM!

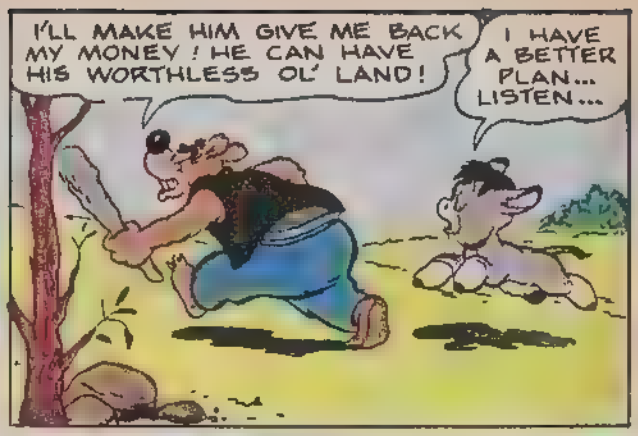

I BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON THAT BURRO! I THINK HE SUSPECTS SOMETHING!

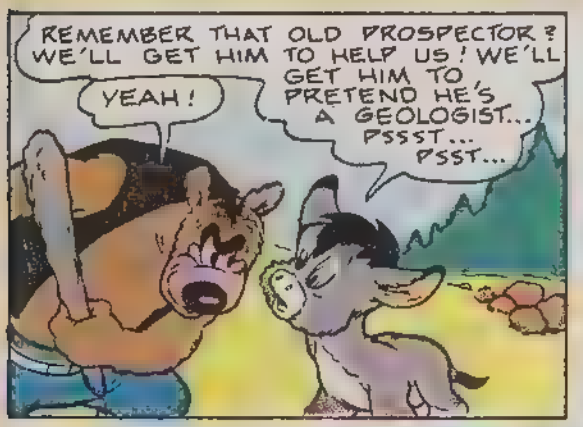

WHAT A SAP HE WAS TO SELL SO CHEAP! WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE!
BARNEY... MOOSEFACE HAD A WATCH THIS MORNING... A GOLD WATCH!

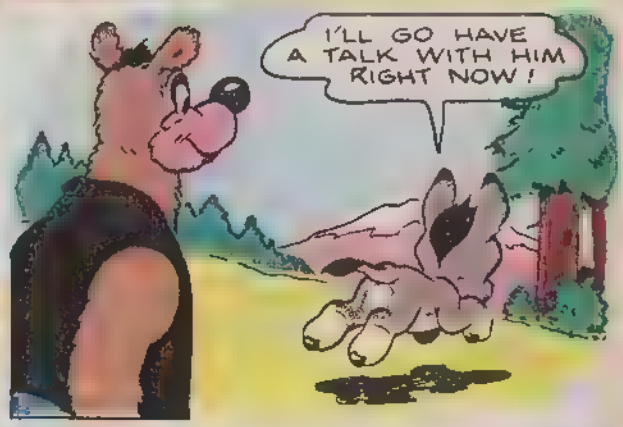

SO HE HAD A WATCH, AN' NOW HE DOESN'T HAVE A WATCH... SO WHAT?
BUT, BARNEY!

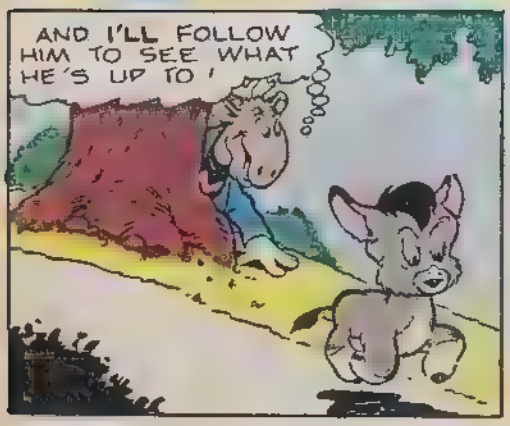

I STILL SAY THAT "NUGGET" WE FOUND LOOKS LIKE A BATTERED-UP GOLD WATCH!
SAY... YOU DON'T THINK MOOSEFACE WOULD...

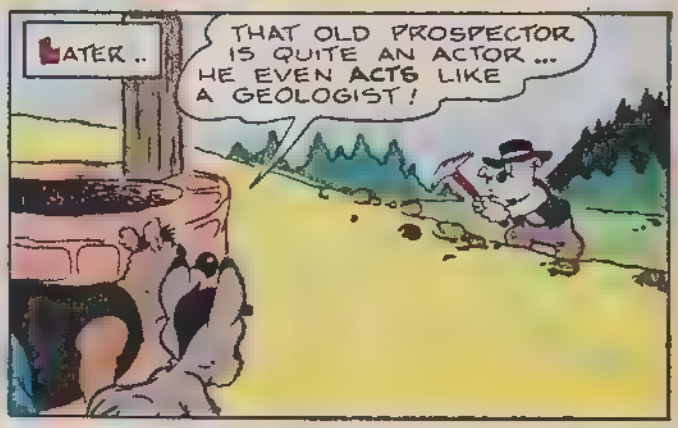

OF COURSE HE WOULD! I'VE BEEN BAMBOOZLED!

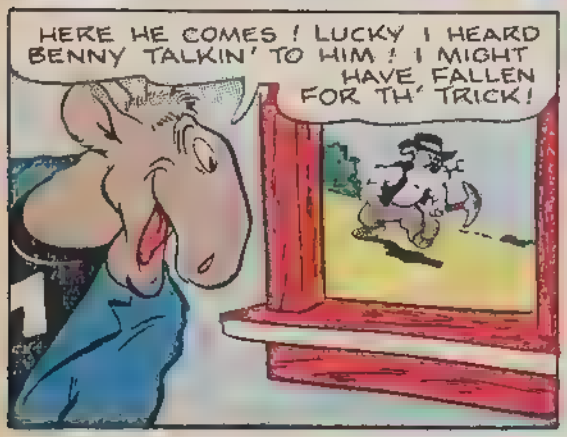

I'LL MAKE HIM GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY! HE CAN HAVE HIS WORTHLESS OL' LAND!
I HAVE A BETTER PLAN... LISTEN...

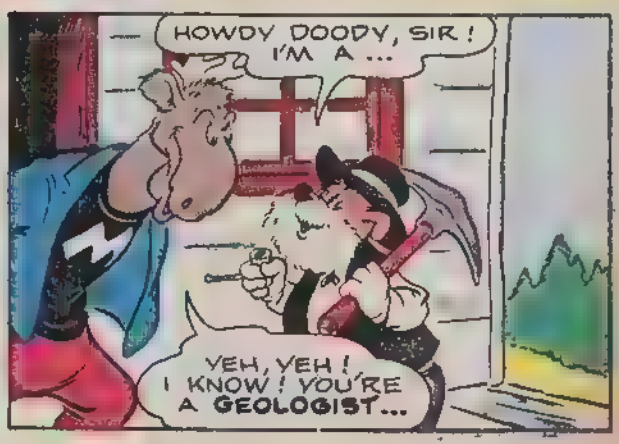

REMEMBER THAT OLD PROSPECTOR? WE'LL GET HIM TO HELP US! WE'LL GET HIM TO PRETEND HE'S A GEOLOGIST... PSSST... PSST...
YEAH!


I'LL GO HAVE A TALK WITH HIM RIGHT NOW!


AND I'LL FOLLOW HIM TO SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!


LATER..
THAT OLD PROSPECTOR IS QUITE AN ACTOR... HE EVEN ACTS LIKE A GEOLOGIST!


HERE HE COMES! LUCKY I HEARD BENNY TALKIN' TO HIM! I MIGHT HAVE FALLEN FOR TH' TRICK!

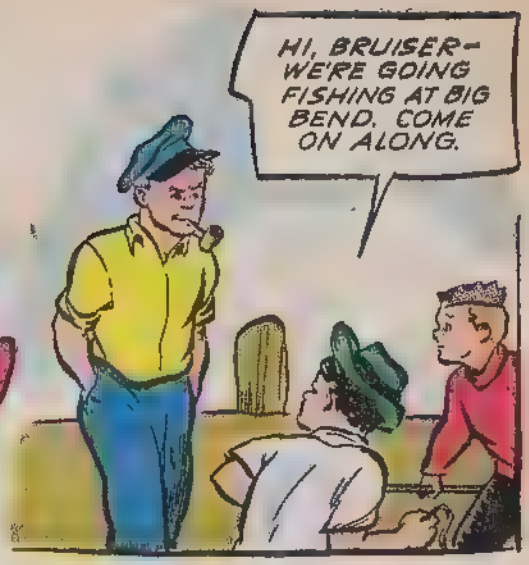

HOWDY DOODY, SIR! I'M A...
YEH, YEH! I KNOW! YOU'RE A GEOLOGIST...

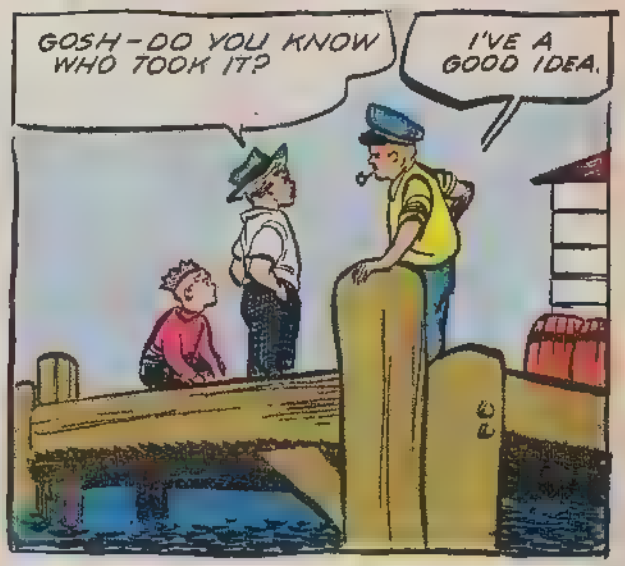
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

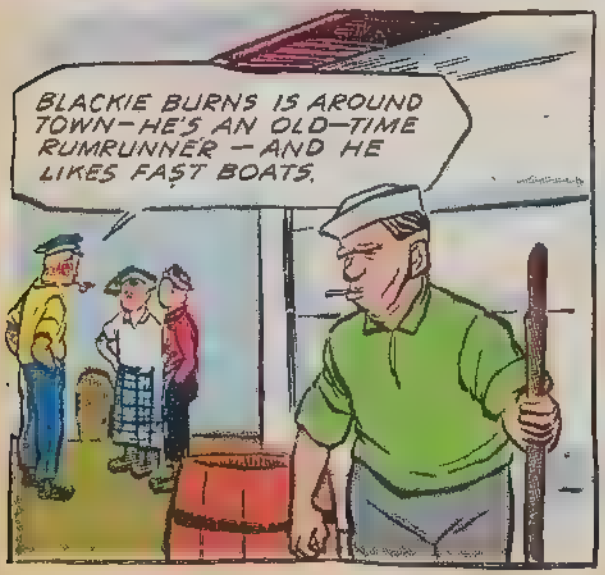
MGM presents

OUR GANG

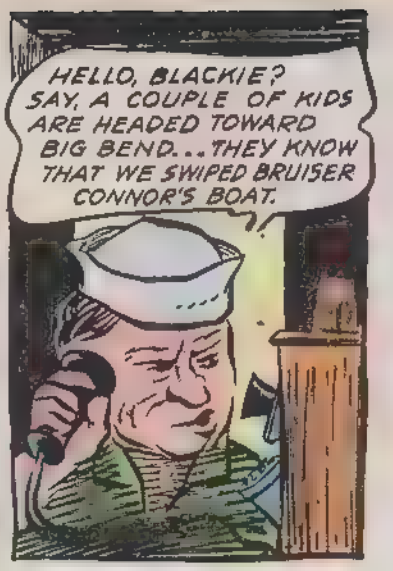
AND THE RIVER PIRATES



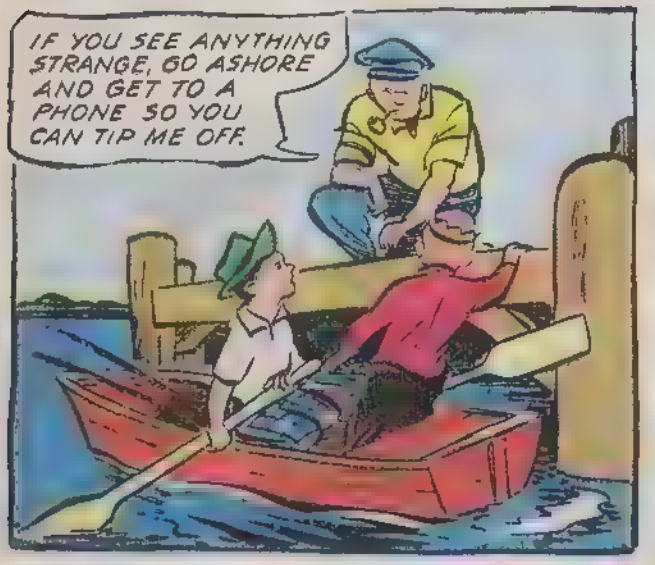


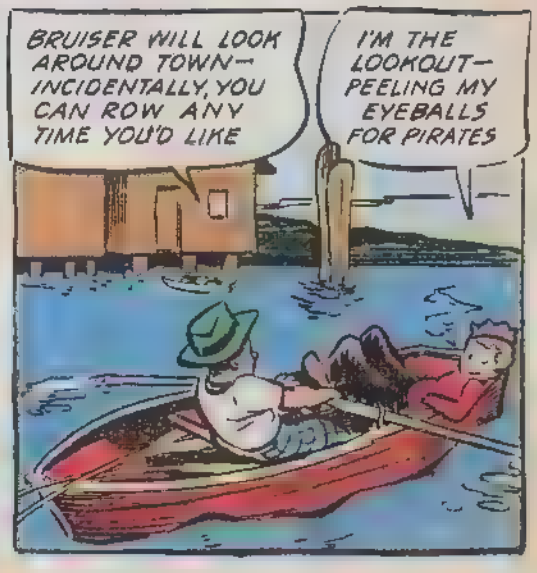


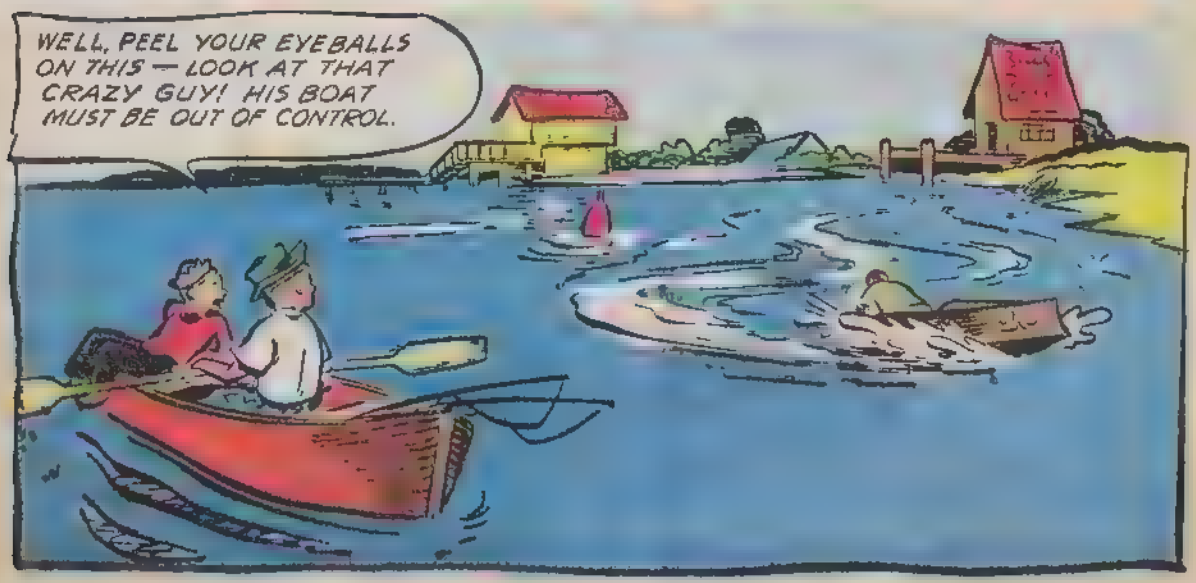
THAT KID IS TOO GOOD AT GUESSING


HELLO, BLACKIE? SAY, A COUPLE OF KIDS ARE HEADED TOWARD BIG BEND... THEY KNOW THAT WE SWIPED BRUISER CONNOR'S BOAT.

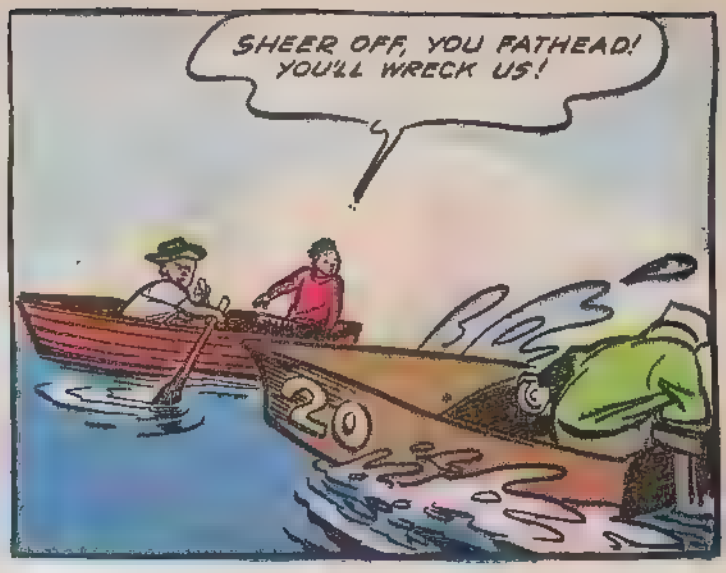
KEEP 'EM AWAY— WE CAN'T LET ANYTHING UPSET OUR PLAN NOW.

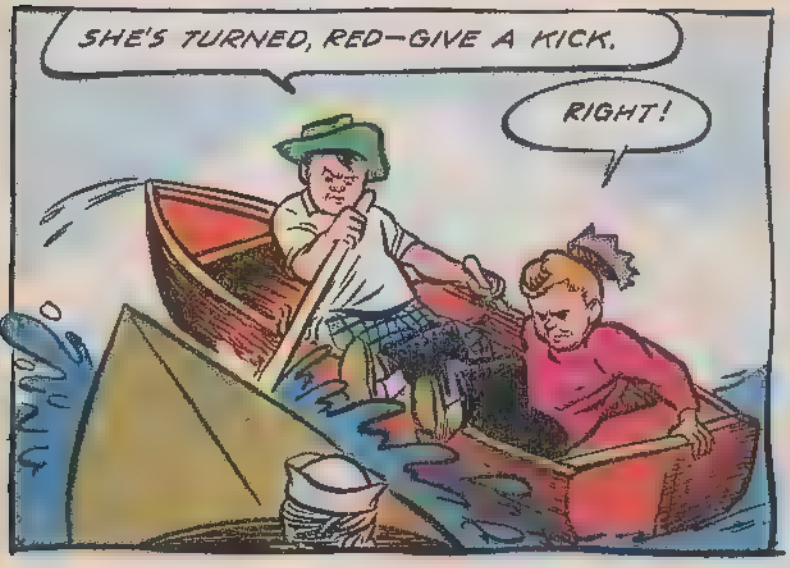

IF YOU SEE ANYTHING STRANGE, GO ASHORE AND GET TO A PHONE SO YOU CAN TIP ME OFF.


BRUISER WILL LOOK AROUND TOWN— INCIDENTALLY, YOU CAN ROW ANY TIME YOU'D LIKE
I'M THE LOOKOUT— PEELING MY EYEBALLS FOR PIRATES

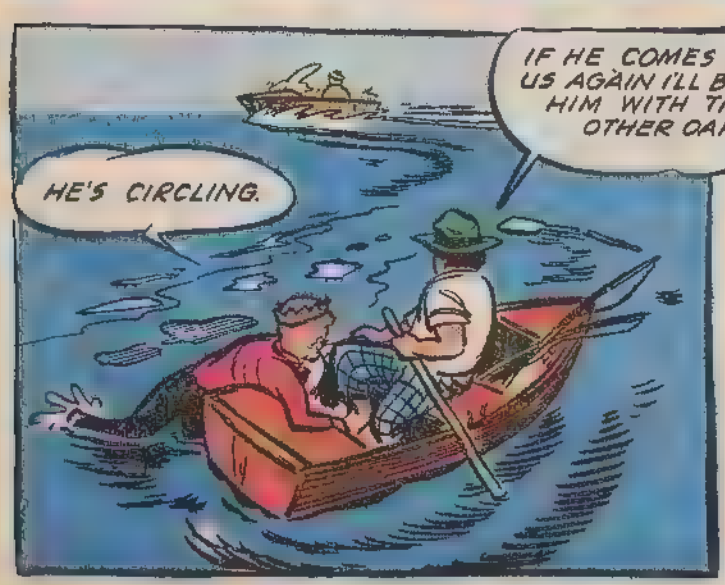

WELL, PEEL YOUR EYEBALLS ON THIS — LOOK AT THAT CRAZY GUY! HIS BOAT MUST BE OUT OF CONTROL.

TWIST US AROUND! HE'S HEADED RIGHT AT US!

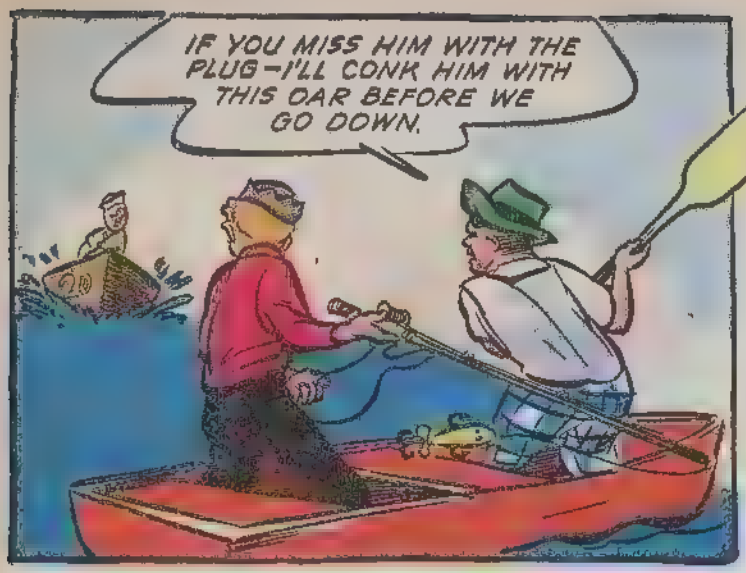

SHEER OFF, YOU PATHEAD! YOU'LL WRECK US!
20


SHE'S TURNED, RED—GIVE A KICK.
RIGHT!

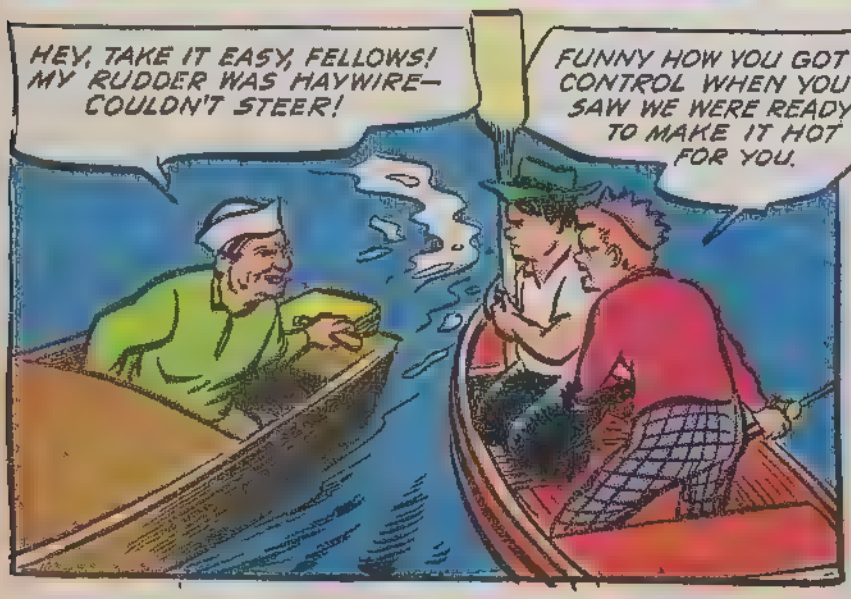
THAT DOES IT!
CRACK!


IF HE COMES AT US AGAIN I'LL BRAIN HIM WITH THE OTHER OAR.
HE'S CIRCLING.

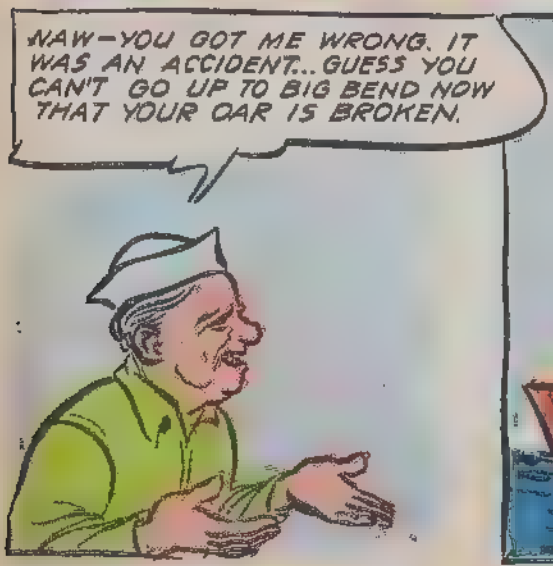
HE'S DOIN' THIS ON PURPOSE—HAND ME MY ROD WITH THE BASS PLUG ON IT.

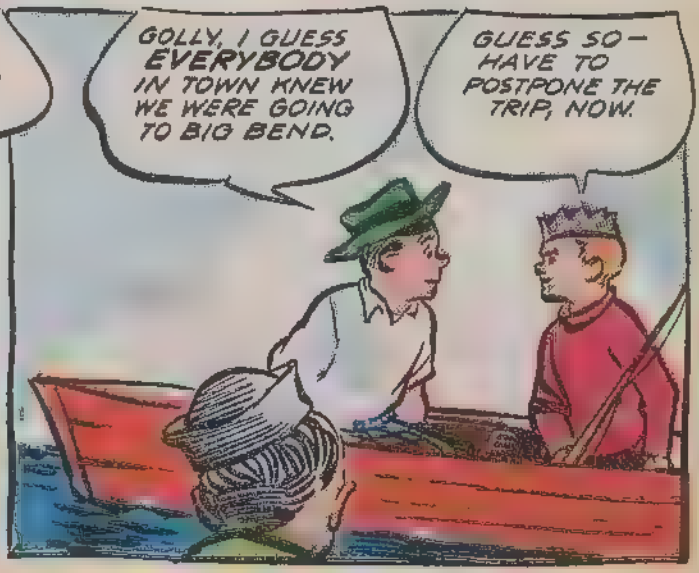

IF YOU MISS HIM WITH THE PLUG—I'LL CONK HIM WITH THIS OAR BEFORE WE GO DOWN.

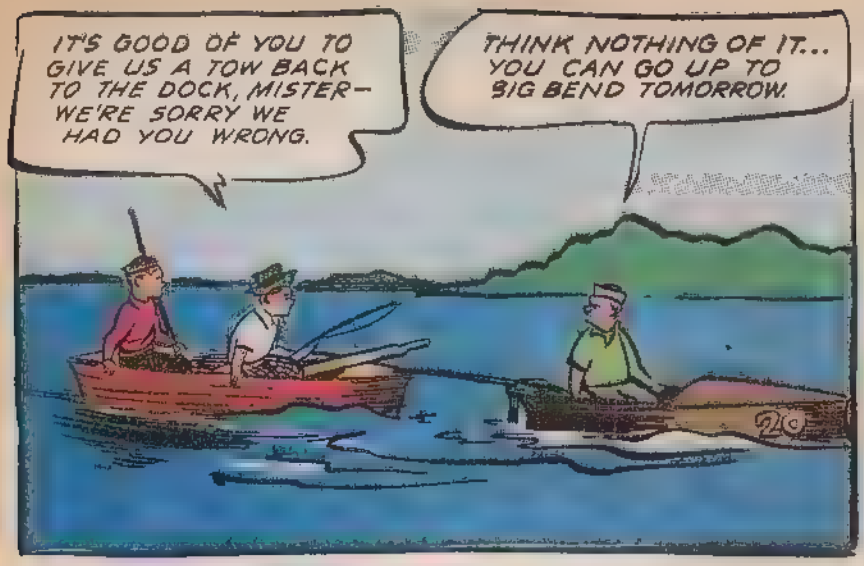
OH-OH—THESE KIDS ARE TOUGH... I BETTER THROTTLE DOWN AND PRETEND I WAS OUT OF CONTROL.


HEY, TAKE IT EASY, FELLOWS! MY RUDDER WAS HAYWIRE—COULDN'T STEER!
FUNNY HOW YOU GOT CONTROL WHEN YOU SAW WE WERE READY TO MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU.

YOU DIDN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON A BASS I LUG IN YOUR FACE—WHAT'S THE IDEA, MISTER?

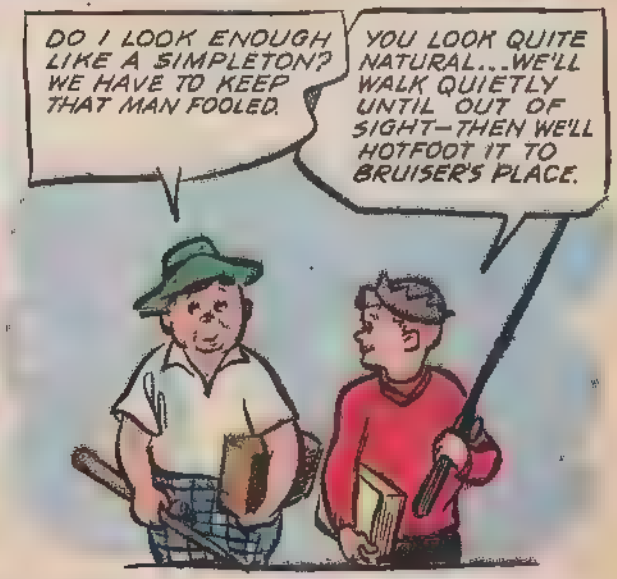

NAW—YOU GOT ME WRONG. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT... GUESS YOU CAN'T GO UP TO BIG BEND NOW THAT YOUR OAR IS BROKEN.

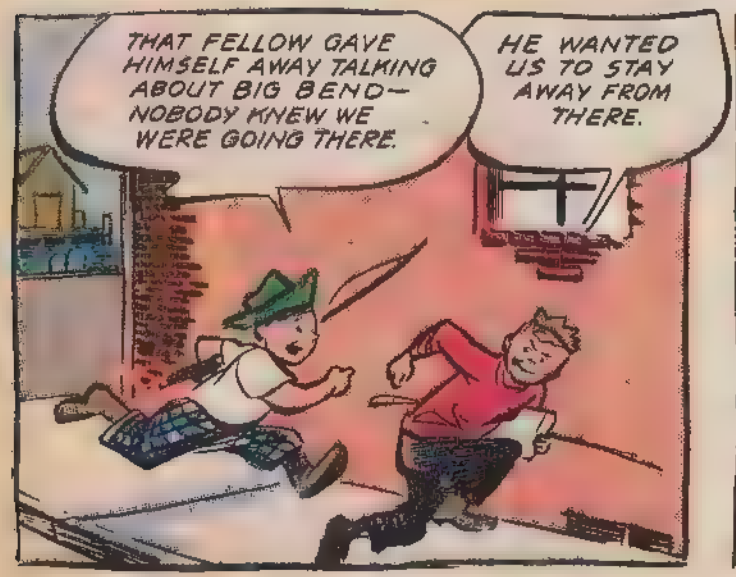

GOLLY, I GUESS EVERYBODY IN TOWN KNEW WE WERE GOING TO BIG BEND.
GUESS SO—HAVE TO POSTPONE THE TRIP, NOW.


IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO GIVE US A TOW BACK TO THE DOCK, MISTER— WE'RE SORRY WE HAD YOU WRONG.
THINK NOTHING OF IT... YOU CAN GO UP TO BIG BEND TOMORROW.

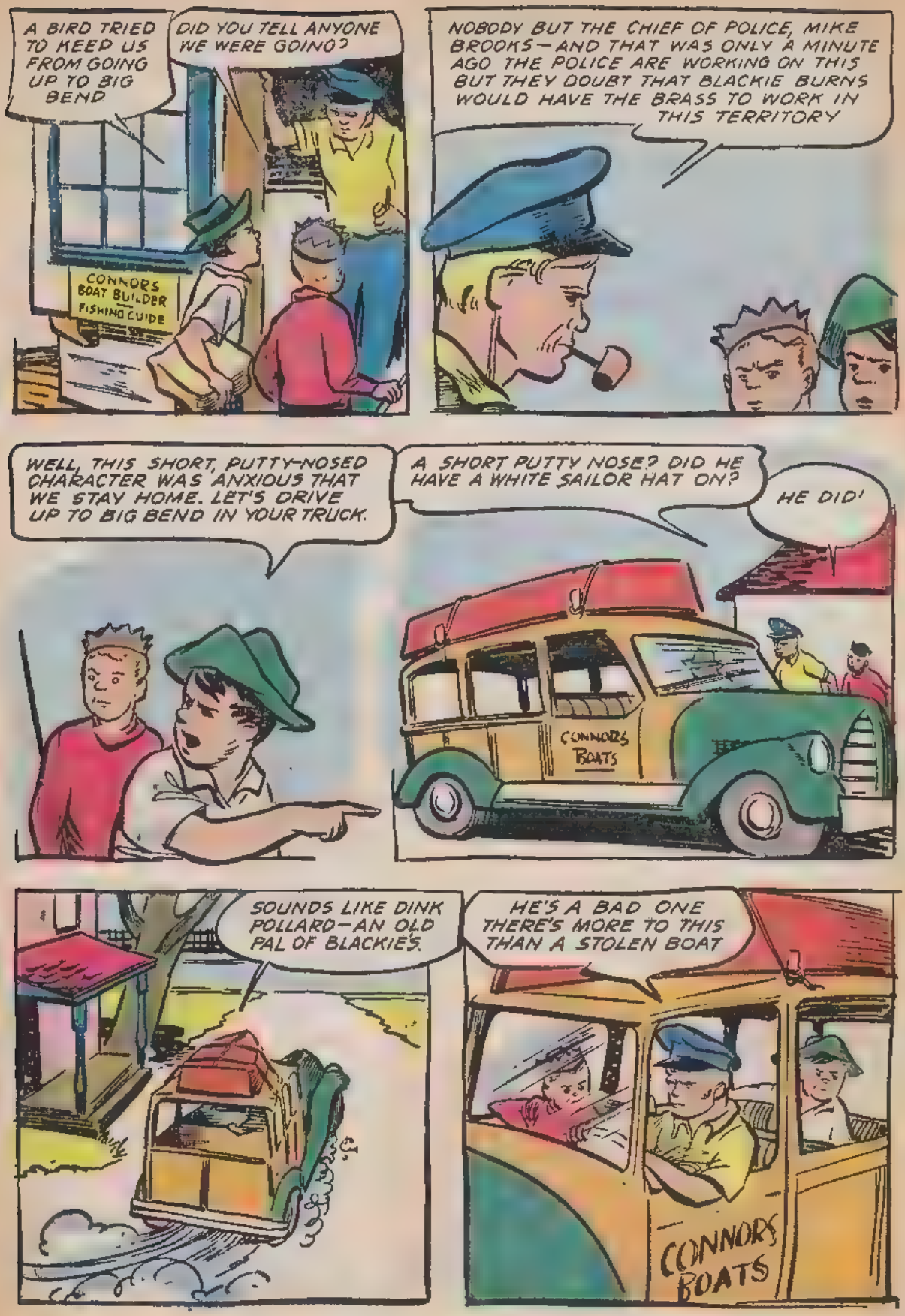
HE'S GOT BIG BEND ON THE BRAIN ALL RIGHT.
YEAH—AND WE TOLD NOBODY BUT BRUISER.

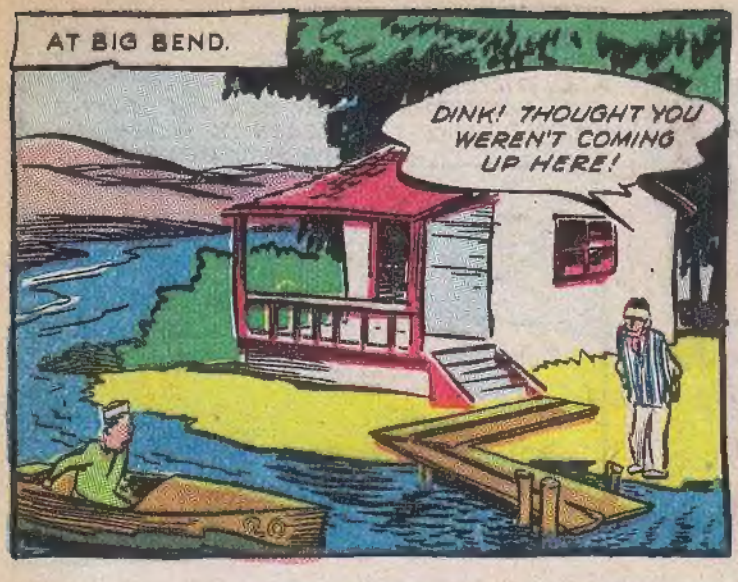
SO LONG, MISTER
GOOD-BYE, BOYS.


DO I LOOK ENOUGH LIKE A SIMPLETON? WE HAVE TO KEEP THAT MAN FOOLED.
YOU LOOK QUITE NATURAL...WE'LL WALK QUIETLY UNTIL OUT OF SIGHT—THEN WE'LL HOTFOOT IT TO BRUISER'S PLACE.


THAT FELLOW GAVE HIMSELF AWAY TALKING ABOUT BIG BEND— NOBODY KNEW WE WERE GOING THERE.
HE WANTED US TO STAY AWAY FROM THERE.

HOLD ON, CHIEF, HERE'S RED AND EGGHEAD BACK.


A BIRD TRIED TO KEEP US FROM GOING UP TO BIG BEND.
DID YOU TELL ANYONE WE WERE GOING?
CONNORS BOAT BUILDER FISHING GUIDE
NOBODY BUT THE CHIEF OF POLICE, MIKE BROOKS—AND THAT WAS ONLY A MINUTE AGO. THE POLICE ARE WORKING ON THIS BUT THEY DOUBT THAT BLACKIE BURNS WOULD HAVE THE BRASS TO WORK IN THIS TERRITORY
WELL, THIS SHORT, PUTTY-NOSED CHARACTER WAS ANXIOUS THAT WE STAY HOME. LET'S DRIVE UP TO BIG BEND IN YOUR TRUCK.
A SHORT PUTTY NOSE? DID HE HAVE A WHITE SAILOR HAT ON?
HE DID!
CONNORS BOATS
SOUNDS LIKE DINK POLLARD—AN OLD PAL OF BLACKIE'S.
HE'S A BAD ONE THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN A STOLEN BOAT
CONNORS BOATS

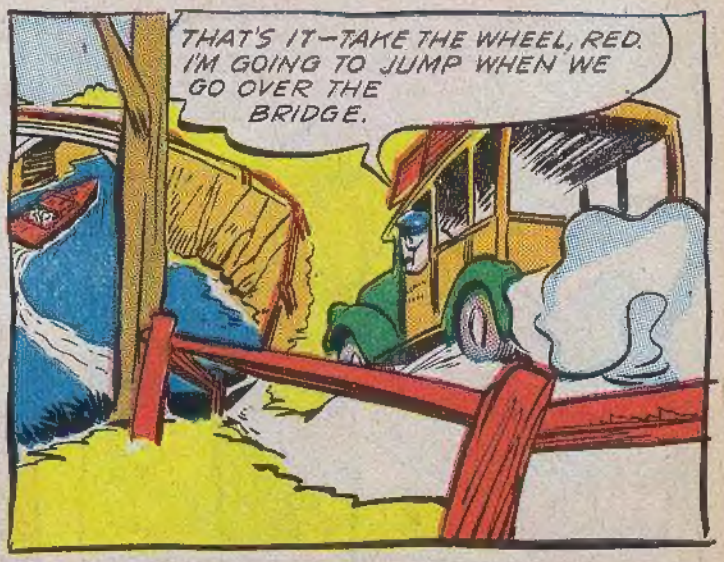

AT BIG BEND.
DINK! THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T COMING UP HERE!

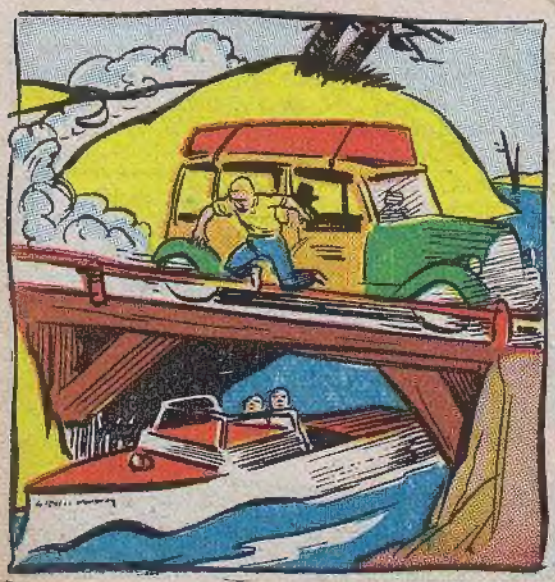
I WASN'T, BLACKIE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST. THEY'RE OUT LOOKING FOR THE BOAT.

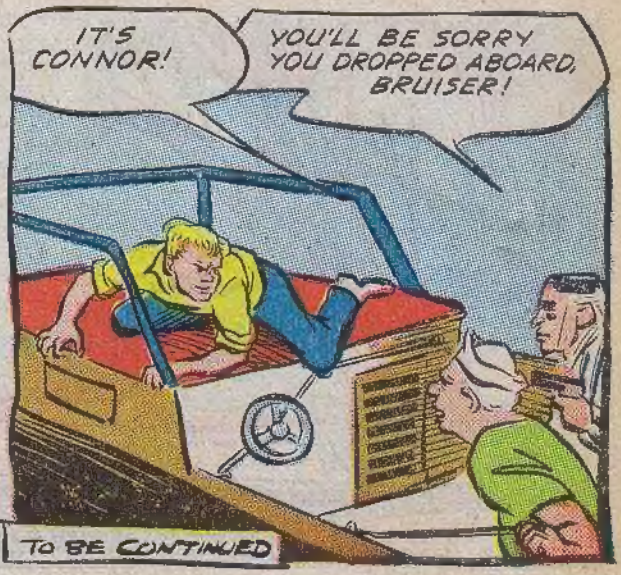
WE CAN'T BOTHER FIXING THE BOAT HERE—WE'LL HAVE TO PULL OUT.
BUT I WANT TO TACKLE THE BIG RIVER BOAT, DEXTER, TODAY.

IT'S TOO RISKY, BLACKIE.
WE NEED MONEY, DINK. WE CAN PICK UP THE PAYROLL THAT THE DEXTER'S CARRYING TO RIVERTON.

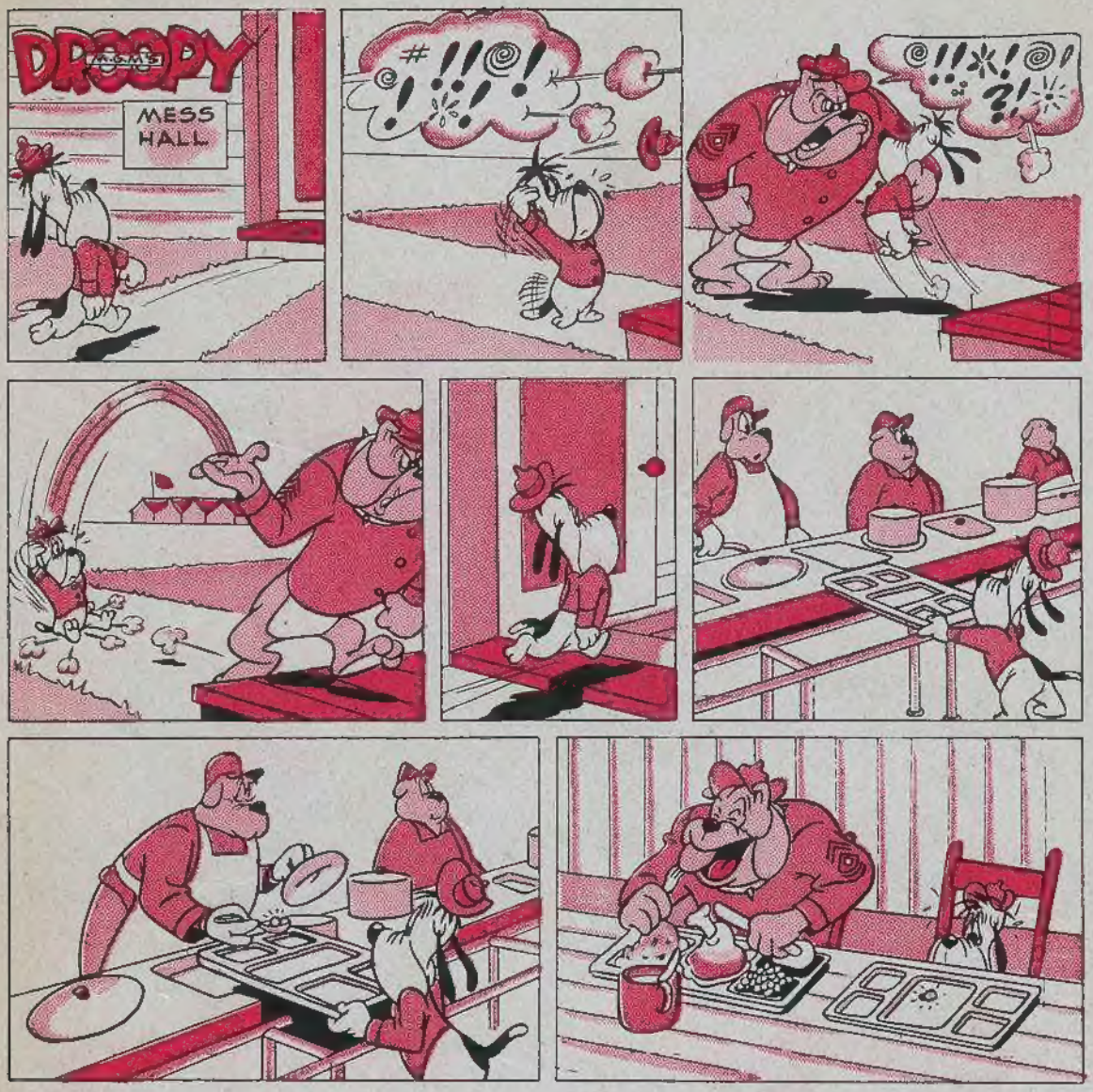
YOU SAY WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO ALTER HER APPEARANCE. IF WE MOVE HER FROM HIDDEN COVE HERE AT BIG BEND WE MAY BE SEEN ANYWAY. SO WE TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS—MOVE HER AND PULL A JOB AT THE SAME TIME.
OKAY.
LADY LIGHTNING







OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures



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